POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

THE MURDER OF MISS HOLLAND BY DOUGAL.

Vol. II—No. 24.

The Murder at The MOAT FARM

The Secret Slaying of Miss Camille Holland, by Samuel Herbert Dougal.

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."
—HAMLET, Act I., Sc. 2.

THERE is no more dreary district in the whole of fair England than the wilds of the North of Essex. Agricultural depression has left its mark of poverty and want — the stamp of neglect and lack of thrift —on the marches which were once the pride of the land. Here we may find the ruins of fine farms, now but relics of ruined aspirations; there the crumbling farmhouse where once the yeoman dwelt in prosperity, respected alike by squire and hind, tenanted today by the labourer, who barely manages to keep body and soul together on the scant pittance which he receives for his toil from one of the stubborn few who still try to make their living out of the ground which their fathers and grandfathers tilled. Whole tracts lie desert, the light soil parched by the keen winds, which blow chill from the Ural mountains across the half-frozen plains of upper Europe, with but scant tufts of herbage to show that once man held dominion over the fields, and raised therefrom the bread of life. At wide distances apart there are scattered hamlets, each vieing with its neighbour in exhibiting a true picture of the sternest of all fights, the struggle for food. Children, ragged and unkempt, run out of the doors gazing at the stranger, and wondering dreamily why he has come to the land of the lost. Women, bedraggled, their faces drawn and wan with the cares of providing for the family which is ever on the increase, while the means to support it are ever on the decrease, sigh and wish that someone will do that vague "something" which is to restore prosperity to the region. Young men are hard to find; they have left the country-side where they were born and brought up to search for labour, perhaps in a neighbouring county where conditions are more favourable, perhaps in that wonderful London of which they have heard rumours, and where it is said that the streets—save the mark!—are paved with gold. All bears a blight as if a blast from the breath of the Destroying Angel had passed over it and the fiat gone forth, "I will lay it waste: it shall not be pruned nor digged; but there shall come up briers and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it."

It is in the most desolate part of this dreary district that the first scene of this history is laid; here is the stage upon which one of the most awful and most dramatic of life's wondrous tragedies has been played.

About seven miles from the little market town of Saffron Walden stands a lonely farm house, built on a slight eminence, sufficient to make it conspicuous in that land of perpetual flatness. The building itself dates back into bygone ages, for none can say when it was erected or who was the first owner. The front of the house is rather imposing, being somewhat like that of an Elizabethan mansion, in miniature, but the back slopes away till the roof almost touches the ground, suggestive of the homestead having been begun in the times of prosperity and finished when evil days had commenced to overtake the people of North Essex. Within, some of the rooms are well-proportioned, others are mean, and all convey to one an indescribable idea of solitude. It is just such a building as one would fancy some aged recluse, who was tired of the vanities of the world, would select in which to prepare himself for his end. But melancholy as the interior of the place is, without it is far more gloomy, and gives evidence of intentional as well as of natural isolation.

Round the building runs a deep moat, some thirty-five feet wide, made by deflecting a small stream, crossed only by a narrow bridge. Years ago, it is said, a drawbridge spanned this fosse, so that the place could be effectually cut off from all intrusion, and, indeed, it is rumoured that more than one highwayman sought refuge there when pursued too hotly by the "runners" sent to capture him. Gaunt, weird pines and firs, with shrubs and masses of foliage, shut in the house, and help to accentuate the melancholy of the spot, which was called the Moat Farm by its late owner. A small back-water running off the great moat has been led round a little patch of ground, forming a tiny islet, apparently solely for ornamentation, if such an expression can be used in connection with this eerie dwelling.

The great moat was undoubtedly constructed as a protection for the house itself, since it does not enclose the supplementary buildings; the barns, byres, and outhouses indispensable to a farm standing outside the encircling water.

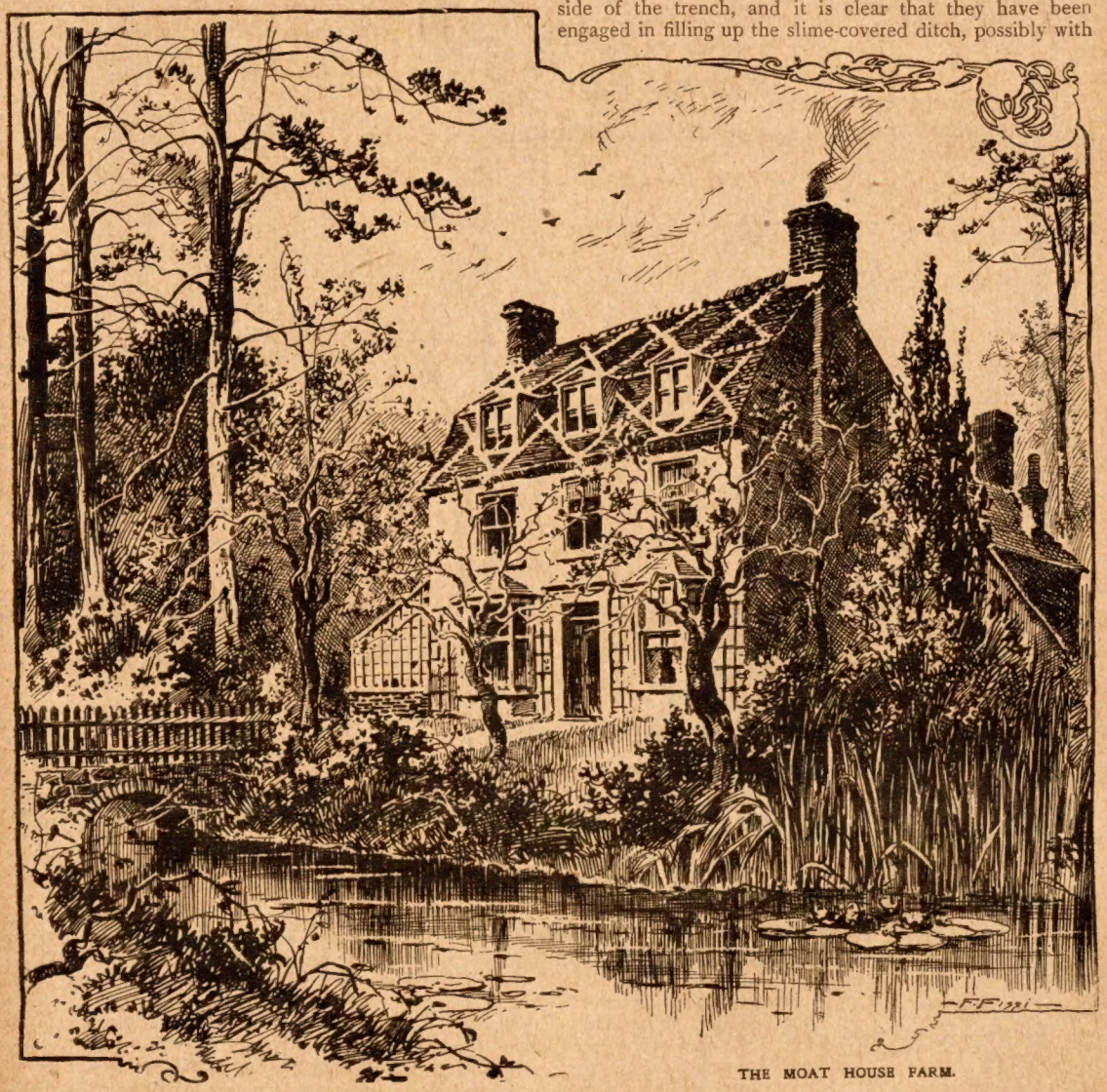
In the farm yard was a horse pond, and from this a wide ditch led to the moat and served the double purpose

of carrying off the overflow from the pond and conducting the farm sewage and the drainings of the midden heap into the stream. This ditch, which was some thirty or forty yards away from the front of the house, was completely hidden from the residence by thick bushes, and by the blighted trees which surrounded the Moat Farm.

As one looks at the place, strange fancies flit through one's brain. Spectral figures of bygone rovers, hardly pressed by their enemies, dash for the drawbridge, which is raised with a clang. Girths are unbuckled, helmets loosed, for the fugitive has found a haven. Again the spirit form takes the shape of the bold robber demanding a hiding-place from the trembling yeoman, who dares not refuse, while fearing the vengeance of the law if he should be found harbouring a criminal. These fade, and a period of tranquillity follows; the peace of the early Victorian era, marked only by the waning prospects of the farmer, whom we see bereft one by one of his sons—left in his old age to fight the grim battle for bread, aided only by strangers. And then we see—what? We rub our eyes. Surely this vision, startling in its clearness, belongs to the present? We rub our eyes again. It is no phantasy, grim and fearful though it be. We are in the present, in the Year of Grace, 1899, and see what is passing before our eyes!

We notice that the trimness of the house has gone, though the front of it has been distempered a bright yellow to relieve, in some slight degree, the gloom which pervades the moated farm. We see that the paths, kept clean and tidy by the ghostly tenants of our dreams, have been overgrown with grass; moss shows here and there on the buildings, the undergrowth is rank and coarse, the place seems laden with noxious exhalations. All this we mark in the twinkling of an eye as the rays of the May sun, now far down in the West, struggle through the trees and strive to illumine the sombre spot and dispel the air of desolation.

We are in the thicket, outside the moat, near to the deep ditch draining the farm-yard. Some labourers have been working there, for we note the shovel and fork left by the side of the trench, and it is clear that they have been engaged in filling up the slime-covered ditch, possibly with



THE MOAT HOUSE FARM.

a view to preventing contamination of the water in the great moat and in the stream running therefrom. We cannot see the house, because of the underwood, but we can hear the sounds of horses' hoofs and the rumble of the wheels of a light trap. Peering through the bushes, away from the house, we can just distinguish the smoke rising from the little village of Clavering, some couple of miles distant, for the air is very clear at seven o'clock on this May evening—on the evening of the 19th of May, to be precise.

The sound of the vehicle passes away, and all is still for a short while. The sun sinks lower and lower, nearing its time of setting, and the indescribable silence of the approaching twilight falls over the scene, broken occasion-

ally by the scream of some blackbird, disturbed on its nest, or the snapping of a twig. Our knowledge of woodcraft tells us that someone must be approaching.

Then there is a rustling of the twigs, the almost imperceptible note of soft footsteps, the frou-frou of a skirt. We watch, on the alert to see who may be around the lonely farm, wondering whether the maid has been hit by Cupid's arrow and taken the opportunity of her mistress's absence to whisper sweet nothings to her swain.

The footsteps come nearer, and the murmur of conversation can be heard. Then through the tangled undergrowth which straggles over the little footpath appear a couple, talking in low tones.

The man is tall, dark, and rather handsome. He walks

Miss Holland.

with the air of a soldier, or at least of one who has been trained to preserve his bodily vigour to the utmost. He is not young, for as he passes close to us streaks of grey can be seen in his heavy moustache. He wears a dark beard, carefully trimmed to a point, and his shaggy eyebrows give him a look of determination, heightened by the piercing keenness of the eyes beneath them. He walks slowly, on the right hand of his companion, bending from time to time, as if to whisper something specially confidential to her, and then resuming his upright bearing.

The second party is a lady, not very tall. She is dressed in a dark blue costume, with a white sailor hat and a veil. Her features are refined, and her expression singularly sweet. Every now and then she raises her face to her companion, and it is impossible to mistake the light of love that shines through her lustrous eyes. As she trips along, confident in the protection of the burly figure by her side, the gloominess of the Moat Farm and its precincts have no terror for her, her every thought is absorbed in her intense love, which converts the dreary waste around Clavering, and the solitude of the moated premises, into a veritable Eden for her.

The sun has now set, and twilight is fast drawing into darkness, while through the pines whistles the east wind, bearing on its bosom death and disease to the weakly. What is this frail woman doing in that thicket, so lightly clad? Surely she will meet her death. Ay, but not at the merciful hands of the heaven-sent wind. She feels not the chill of the blast; perhaps her love renders her oblivious to physical feeling, possibly the icy breath of the tomb has already begun to embrace her. Who can tell?

Backwards and forwards they walk, hidden from all eyes but ours. She, loving, trusting, happy; he clutching convulsively at something he holds in his right hand, biting his lips from time to time, while a sinister smile, almost demoniacal in its intensity, lights up his face. Through his brain rings and rings again one sentence, "Shall I do it? Shall I do it?"

He glances down at the dainty figure by his side, marks the tiny feet as they play in and out beneath her navy blue skirt, notes the fitful glint of the cross hung from the rounded neck. To him the cross conveys nothing; it is an ornament, nothing more—a pretty ornament that rises and falls with the motion of the bosom on which it rests, charming, captivating, like a beauty spot, but symbolic of—nothing.

"Shall I do it?" Is it pity that holds his hand? Is he touched by the trustfulness of the sweet-faced lady? Does he recoil from a deed so foul that language is inadequate to express it? No! *He waits till all is safe.* Till he can feel sure that the monstrous crime he has determined to commit will never be brought home to him, for he fears the eye of man, though he dreads not the vengeance of God.

And so they walk again towards the partially-filled ditch, she pressing his hand, trying to convey thus the love that fills her heart to overflowing; he coolly calculating whether the time had come.

"Now!" he mutters to himself.

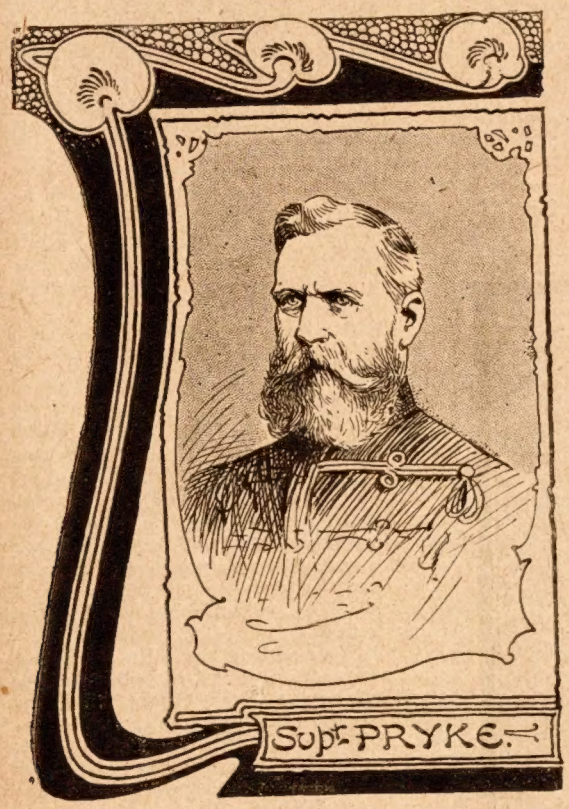
They are close to the spot where the farm hands left off working at six o'clock. Calmly he disengages his hand from that of his partner; she does not notice the movement. Then he lingers a footstep behind her. There is a gleam as he draws something from his pocket, a flash and a slight report, followed by the dull thud of a falling body. Oh, God, this is murder! Murder most foul!

Calmly the assassin replaces the pistol in his pocket. Then he listens for an instant to hear if the report of the firearm has alarmed anyone. Next he chides himself for his folly. "The maid would be in the kitchen at the back of the house, and if she did hear that little crack, she would think it was a window banging."

Bending over the motionless body of his victim, the murderer examined it. There was a small hole about an inch above the right ear, from which a tiny stream of blood was welling. "That's done it!" he muttered. "She won't move again."

Ruthlessly he strips off one or two small ornaments, caring as little for the murdered woman as if she had been

but a log of wood. Then he stands up again, examining his hands to see that he has not soiled them with his victim's blood. There he stands critically surveying his work and congratulating himself that nothing lies in his way now, and that there is no chance of him being de-



tected when once he has disposed of the corpse. That is his next care.

It is getting late, and the rascal fears that the maid may come out of the house to look for the carriage, and hear his movements in the thicket. He has not time just now to bury the body, so he thrusts it under some low bushes, covering it with the trailing periwinkle and other creeping plants which abound in the damp undergrowth. Then he strides off towards the house.

In a few minutes he returns, takes the spade, and goes to the trench. After examining the place as well as the darkness will permit, he strikes a match and holds it near the edge of the ditch. "That's about right," he mutters to himself.

Laying down the spade, he returns to the spot where he had concealed the corpse of his victim, seizes it, and laboriously drags it along the ground towards the pit which yawns like an open grave in the gloom of early night, rendered denser by the encircling trees. It was a sight to strike terror into any heart—the brutal murderer striving to conceal the awful work of his hands. The night wind blows chill, rustling the pine leaves and filling the copse with funereal moaning as it whistles through the branches of the trees. Truly it is a fitting moment for the burial of a murderer's mistress, done to death by the man she had loved.

Reaching the ditch, the ruffian lifts up the remains of the trusting woman and hurls them in, close to the spot where the workmen left off their task of filling in the trench. The lifeless body falls face downwards on the slimy ooze, with a squelch, the delicate face buried in the accumulated filth of years. Picking up the shovel, the miscreant then casts sufficient earth on the prostrate corpse to cover it, and walks off, remarking to himself, "I'll just make all right with Florence, and finish off the job later on." With that he disappears.

Riveted with horror we remain, time flying unheeded by us, aghast at the dreadful deed we have witnessed. Again the dark-bearded scoundrel approaches, continues shovelling earth into the ditch until he has covered all that is left of the murdered lady with several feet of soil, and given the trench the same appearance as it had when the labourers went home earlier in the evening. Surely that murder is hidden for ever; surely none can arise to accuse him of a crime so cruel, so brutal, so inhuman, as the slaying of that loving woman? Again we shake ourselves, rub our eyes, pinch ourselves. Is this a dream, begotten of the drear surroundings? Is it but a vision of what might be in such a desolate spot? Can there be such flagrant wickedness on earth? We shall see.

* * * * * *

Country people dearly love a scandal to relieve the monotony of their lives, and the inhabitants of the village of Clavering, in Essex, were no different from others. When, therefore, it was whispered abroad in September, 1902, that the dark gentleman who lived at the Moat Farm was sueing his wife for a divorce in the London Courts excitement ran high. The gentleman in question was a Mr. Samuel Herbert Dougal, and he had dwelt at the Moat Farm since the spring of 1898. The case came on for hearing in the usual course, and it was rumoured that Mrs. Dougal had run away with a farm labourer in March, 1902. There was little or no defence, and the President of the Divorce Court pronounced a decree nisi, which meant that unless due cause were shown why the marriage

should not be dissolved within six months, then Dougal and his wife would be declared to be two and not one.

Old wives around the district chattered to one another over their tea, and discussed the doings of the lady, who was presumed by members of her own sex to be very guilty

indeed, while her husband was regarded in the light of a martyr.

Gossip, however, continued, and it was remembered that some years before there had lived at Moat Farm a refined, delicate-looking woman, who had been known as Mrs. Dougal, while the present wife had been passed off to the neighbours as the daughter of Dougal. That was a charming piece of scandal, and the village grannies made much of it, gravely wagging their heads and mumbling out: "They do say as how the first Mrs. Dougal weren't his wife," and many other suggestive remarks. Thus the story grew until it became an accepted

Dougal

fact that Dougal was capable of doing anything where women were concerned, and he gained the reputation of being quite a Don Juan. This character was strengthened in January, 1903, when the dweller at the Moat Farm was brought before the magistrates at Saffron Walden on an affiliation summons, the mother of the child being a young girl who had been a servant to Dougal. The case of paternity was fully proved, and Dougal was ordered to pay maintenance to the tune of five shillings a week.

Some virtuous and kindly soul sent a report of this case to Mrs. Dougal, who was living in retirement in Kent, and she was naturally rather annoyed at her lord and master's delinquencies. More important, however, was the fact that the King's Proctor was also informed that the injured Dougal was a bit of a libertine himself, and he naturally thought that it was a case for him to intervene, for if the husband was naughty, there was really no cause why he should not forgive his errant wife. Accordingly, the Proctor intervened, and the divorce proceedings were quashed.

This second little scandal revived the prior gossip, and fanned the dying embers into flame again. If Dougal went wrong with his poor servant maid, why not with others? Then the rumour of the absence of the wedding-ring, and the omission of the marriage service in the case of the lady who had been known as Mrs. Dougal at the Moat Farm, in 1899, became a general topic of conversation, which was greatly relished by all the pious ladies who dwelt near Clavering.

Bit by bit it leaked out that the supposed Mrs. Dougal's name was Miss Holland, and that circulars had been delivered for her at the farm up to that very date. At the same time it was remembered that nothing had been seen of her since May, 1899, when she was said to have gone to London for a day or two.

At this stage the police thought that it was time for them to make some definite inquiries concerning the disappearance of Miss Holland. To this end Superintendent Pryke went to the Moat Farm on March 4th and saw Dougal. He chatted to him for a bit, and then asked him what had become of Miss Holland, for Dougal had admitted that that was the real name of the supposed Mrs. Dougal, who had disappeared after a few weeks' sojourn with him. Dougal, who knew perfectly well that Pryke was a police officer, talked freely enough, and answered:

"I know nothing about her, and have not seen or heard from her since I took her and left her at Stanstead Station three years ago. I drove her there with her luggage, which I took. It consisted of two boxes. I know nothing of her relations or friends." He added that he had received circulars for Miss Holland, but no letters. He ascribed the rumours which were current in the village to spite on the part of his wife and a servant named Kate Cranwell.

The police were now on the alert. If Miss Holland were alive she probably had a banking account somewhere, for it was not difficult to discover that she had various sums of money left to her from time to time. Little time was spent in discovering that the missing lady had an account with the Piccadilly branch of the National and Provincial Bank, and inquiry there showed that various transactions had been carried on, and cheques signed, by a person purporting to be Miss Camille C. Holland, up to August 28th, 1902. Some of the deeds were witnessed by Dougal, though he declared that he had not seen the lady since May, 1899. In the ordinary course of events the cancelled cheques had been returned to Miss Holland at her registered address, the Moat Farm, with the exception of one for £28 15s. This cheque the police took possession of, and subsequently showed it to Mr. Legrand Holland, a nephew of the missing lady, who pronounced the signature to be a forgery.

Dougal had an account with the Birkbeck Bank, which he had started in 1899, shortly after Miss Holland's disappearance, with a cheque for £670, signed by her. Whether he proposed taking a journey for his health, or whether he was in need of ready money for any other purpose, has never transpired, but a day or so after the visit of Superintendent Pryke to Moat Farm Dougal drew

out almost the whole of his money, receiving it in Bank of England notes.

As soon as the knowledge that the "Holland" cheque of August, 1902, was a forgery, was reported to the police headquarters a warrant was issued for the arrest of Dougal, but he had suddenly left the farm and was not to be found. Information and a description of the missing man was immediately circulated by the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, and the police of Essex, London, and the Great Eastern Railway were quickly on the alert.

The "wanted" man was described as being about 55 years of age, 5ft. 9in. in height, with a fresh complexion, brown beard and moustache, tinged with grey, hair of the same colour, but thin. He had a mole over the nose, and a scar over the left eye. Well built and well dressed. Further, details of his previous career were also given, and it was stated that he was in the company of a young woman when he left the Moat Farm.

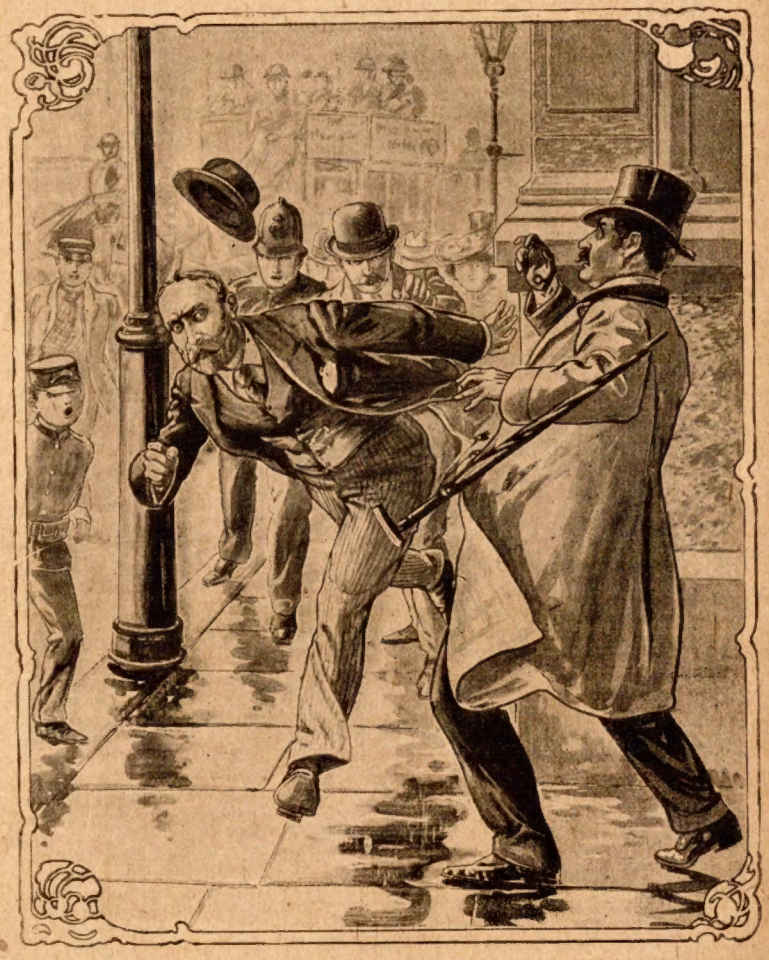
Inquiries were made along the Great Eastern Railway, and it was found that on the morning of the 14th of March a young woman had deposited, in the cloak-room at Liverpool Street Station, a couple of portmanteaus, which bore the name of Holland, partially erased, on their sides. Hoping that someone would come to claim the articles, a strict watch was kept on the cloak-room by the detectives, but the voucher was never presented. The luggage was then opened, and after an inventory had been made of its contents, it was handed over to the Essex constabulary.

Search as they would, the detectives could find no trace of Dougal, but they were not dismayed, for they knew perfectly well that he had drawn his money from the Birkbeck Bank in notes. So, as the numbers of those were known, payment of them was stopped. It was, therefore, only a matter of waiting till the fugitive had run through his loose cash, and wanted to change his notes for gold, to enable the police to obtain a clue to his whereabouts.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 18th, 1903, a tall, well-dressed person entered the Bank of England, and, stepping up to the counter, asked one of the clerks to change some ten-pound notes, which he presented, for five-pound ones. The clerk glanced at the proffered notes, saw that they bore the numbers of those which had been stopped, and asked the gentleman to endorse one of them. This was done, and the clerk repeated the name, "P. Dunville," with the address added, "Upper Terrace, Bournemouth." "Mr. Dunville" was then asked to step into the secretary's office for a moment, and a hurried message sent to Detective Inspector Cox, who was on duty in the bank. Cox arrived, and he was handed the note bearing the signature, which he read.

"That is not your name," he said to the gentleman. "Your name is Dougal." "Yes, that is my name," replied the stranger. "Well, these notes form part of the proceeds of a forgery, and you will have to come with me to the Old Jewry," pursued the officer. The gentleman said nothing, and Inspector Cox, calling Detective Williams to assist him, set out with Dougal for the headquarters of the City police. Not liking, however, to leave the bank unguarded, he sent Williams on ahead to ask for a relief. The prisoner was walking along quietly enough, not being handcuffed nor held, it being the practice of the City police to spare a suspected man every indignity possible, especially when he says that he is willing to go with them quietly.

Just as Cox and his captive were about to enter the courtyard leading to the offices of the chief of the detective staff, the prisoner suddenly made a dash, and tore off as fast as his legs could carry him, in the direction of Cheapside. The detective was naturally taken by surprise, but he lost not an instant in pursuing him. It was an exciting race while it lasted, the fugitive tearing along the busy thoroughfare and the police officer rushing after him. People, however,



DOUGAL'S FUTILE DASH FOR FREEDOM.

who wish to give the City detectives the slip should be well versed in the tortuous alleys and byways of that human hive called London. Our man making a bid for freedom did not know his way about the purlieus of Old Jewry, and, hoping to gain his liberty, ran into Frederick's Place. Too late he saw that he had taken refuge in a cul de sac, and in an instant Inspector Cox was upon him. Gripping him by the neck he administered a professional twist which felled the prisoner like an ox, and, assistance coming up, the prostrate man was rapidly secured and led into the presence of Detective-Superintendent McWilliam, where he was asked for an account of himself. It then transpired that Cox was perfectly right when he said that "Dunville" was in reality Dougal.

Later in the evening Dougal was taken to the Cloak Lane Police Station, while a telegram was despatched to

Inspector Marden, of the Essex County Constabulary, informing him of the capture. It was getting towards midnight when Inspector Marden arrived, and then he was taken to Dougal's cell. "I have a warrant for your arrest in connection with a charge of forgery," was his greeting. "Where is the warrant?" was the prisoner's only comment.

On the following morning, Dougal, handcuffed and closely guarded, was taken to Liverpool Street Station, and placed in the 8.40 train for Saffron Walden, there to be formally charged with forging Miss Holland's signature. His thoughts as he was being swiftly carried towards the Moat Farm, ignorant of the amount of knowledge possessed by the police, but hopeful that they would never know the worst, would have been interesting could they have been recorded. Had he but known what the charge of forgery was to develop into, they would have been more painful still.

Unrecognised Punishments.

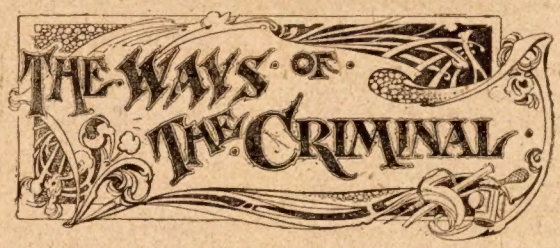
OLIVER GOLDSMITH would probably have been in favour of all the secret tribunals that used to exist—and it is a thousand to five that they still exist—in the First Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Goldsmith wrote, "A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year than by private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world, and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school, but it is better to know these when a boy than be first taught them when a man, for their novelty may then have irresistible charms."

His Majesty's Foot Guards stand by themselves. They have privileges, and they have habits—call these "habits" "manners," if you will.

If the general public had been more familiar with the above-quoted words of Oliver Goldsmith, there would not have been so much fuss made on a recent occasion. The officers of other regiments have their special ways of making themselves felt by those who have incurred their displeasure. Tar and feathers are not easily come-at-able, but blue paint, with plenty of turps in it, has been used all over the exterior cuticle of an offending subaltern. Duelling has gone out of fashion in this country, but methods of discipline of the above order seem to have existed in duelling days.

Monsieur le Majeur, as the French army doctor is called, has his own way of punishing a soldier whom he suspects of malingering, that is to say, of pretending to be ill. The stomach-pump and the clyster are recognised instruments of discipline. British "medical officers"—you must not say "army doctors" nowadays—may sometimes put a spoke in the wheel of some officer whom they wish to score off. They may keep him on the sick-list until after Derby Day, whereas the patient had made all arrangements for going to Epsom Downs. But they dare not do anything harsh to one of the rank and file. All the same, a retired colonel tells the story of how one of his sergeants gave his charger a sore back, so he was made to walk the next day. At the end of the march the sergeant was very footsore, and complained of an ingrowing toe-nail. When the colonel was having his breakfast, he heard a most awful yelling. Very soon the doctor came by, saying, "I had it out." "Had what out? Somebody's tooth?" "No; that sergeant's toe-nail! He'll not skrimshank any more!" That doctor ought to have got twelve months if what he boasted about really took place.

Thirty years ago our army doctors had a great reputation for surgery. The Crimean War had given plenty of practice to many who were still in the service. There was one old hero who used to come in for a lot of chaff. "Do you recollect, P——, those fifty Russian prisoners they gave you, and they all died, except one, and him the cook doctored?" "I do. They did all die, except one. But you must remember they were pretty well cats' meat before I took charge of them." Poor old chap! He did his best, as the tout did who only named one winner in three weeks. You can't do better than your best.

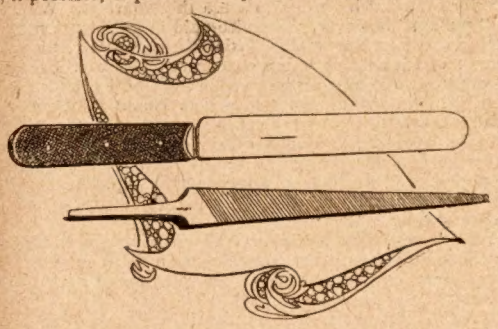


X.—FLAT ROBBERS AND THE PROFITS OF BURGLARY.

PEOPLE who live in flats will do well to read the following article. All over London flats have sprung up in recent years, provincial towns have adopted the idea, and, with the growth of these compact and convenient dwelling places a new class of criminal has sprung up. The flat robber is the real dandy of the burgling class He goes about his business in the broad light of day, "cracks his crib" with the utmost ease, and spends his nights in bed or in the pursuit of pleasure. For him there is no need of a big kit of tools, no daring venture in the dark against unknown risks, no danger of the ever-watchful policeman. It is, in fact, quite a genteel occupation compared with that of the ordinary burglar. A flat robber who fell into the hands of the police the other day has given quite an interesting account of the many robberies which he, with the aid of a confederate, carried out with complete success for a time. The long period of penal servitude which is his reward for his enterprise has, as he grimly remarks, put him out of the business. In consequence he does not mind the police knowing how others of his kind go to work. It is essential for success, he remarks, that flat robbers should be well dressed and have a fairly smart appearance. There is nothing of the beetle-browed burglar about the man who has made the confession. In appearance he is, or rather was, a smart young City man, for his good suit of clothes, well-fitting gloves and tall hat have now given place to the dull, disgraceful drab of the convict cell. Good clothes inspire confidence, and a well-attired man can escape from a tight corner with the aid of a little assurance, where more often than not a badly-dressed one would be given into the custody of the police.

When on robbery bent the man who actually enters the flat and purloins the valuables is the last to make his appearance. The spy enters the building first in order to find out the lay of the land. When he gets to the vestibule he rings the bell of the top floor flat, at the same time carefully noting the name of the tenant in the flat on the landing beneath. Up the stairs he goes until he reaches the top flat, and finds the maid or the mistress waiting for him at the door. If so, he inquires for the tenant below, say Mr. Jones, and, on learning that he has come to the wrong number, apologises profusely and retires to try his luck and Mr. Jones's apartments. If none of the occupants of the top flat are on view he carefully inspects the place. First of all he examines the lock, or locks, if there are more than one. As a rule there is only a latch lock, but some flat doors are further protected by a big tumbler lock, and it is the habit of most ladies when they go out to turn the key in this lock and carry it away with them. If he finds on looking through the keyhole with the aid of a match that there is a key in the door he concludes that there is somebody at home, who, for reasons best known to themselves, have not troubled to answer the ring. On this flat, therefore, he wastes no further time, but proceeds to another on a lower landing. Quietly he examines the locks, and, if the key is missing, concludes that the people are from home. A sharp rat-tat at the door follows this discovery, and he patiently waits for someone to answer his summons. If he is wrong in his surmise, and someone answers the door, he is ready with an announcement that he is some sort of a canvasser, either books, sewing machines, or insurance as the fancy suits him. If no one comes, he remains listening intently, to convince himself that the occupiers of the apartments are all from home; he proceeds to inform the actual robber. Sometimes a spy will try ten or a dozen flats before he finds one that can be tackled, but, having found the "crib," he places himself in the centre of the vestibule door, the signal that there is a chance of "working." The thief quickly enters

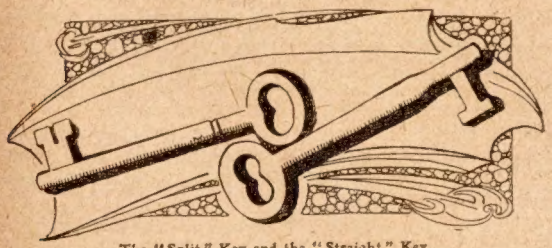
the place, taking no apparent notice of his confederate, who, however, as he passes murmurs the number of the flat to be robbed. The spy then remains on guard, so to speak. He has, if possible, to prevent his pal from being surprised either



The Knife used in Opening Spring Locks, and the File for Fashioning "Skeleton" Keys.

by the caretaker, tenant, or inquisitive policemen. Perhaps the spy is known to the police, and, if a detective comes along and spots him hanging round the flats it is any odds that he will conclude something is wrong. In this fix the spy gives three short, sharp rings on the bell of the flat in which his pal is working. This means that "fly cops" are about and that he is about to make himself scarce. At some hall doors there are letter boxes for each tenant, and in order to prevent the burglar from being surprised the look-out man drops a sealed envelope into the box of the person who is being robbed. Thus, when the tenant comes in and sees the letter in the glass-panelled box he or she proceeds to get it out. As soon as he can without being disturbed the spy presses the bell twice—a signal that the robber is to get out of the flat at his best pace. If the caretaker is seen walking about the flats four rings at the bell warn the burglar to be on his guard. If there are no letter-boxes in the hall, the spy adopts another ruse to find out if the occupier is amongst the persons who enter. He, of course, has found out the tenant's name, and as the people come in he inquires for Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so. If they happen to come in he tells some likely story or other, and is enabled to give the necessary warning to his accomplice. So long as the coast is clear he gives one ring at intervals, so that the robber can work with greater confidence. The latter meanwhile is very busy at the flat upstairs.

It is comparatively easy, says the man who made the confession, to enter nine out of every ten flats in London. He points out that most of them are only protected by a small latch lock, and to open that is the easiest thing in the world. Even if there is a patent lock, the matter is not a difficult one, whilst, if there is a lock of the tumbler variety as well, the task of getting inside it is only increased in difficulty by the extra time which it takes to unfasten these barriers. His tools consist of two skeleton keys, a file, a long, thin steel-bladed table-knife, an ordinary pocket knife, and a piece of stiff wire. The actual tools used by this man are shown in the illustration, and he explains that the keys are known the first as a "straight," and the second as a "split." Both keys are filed down until they are very thin in the shank, and can thus be used on the smallest of locks. The "straight" has a simple letter "T" projection on the shank, and the "split" is very similar, except that there is a deep niche filed down through the middle of the cross into the perpen-



The "Split" Key and the "Straight" Key.

dicular of the "T." In manipulating the keys the burglar must always use both hands, one to support the key in the hole, to regulate the depth of its insertion, and the other to do the more delicate work of feeling out the tumblers. If the "straight" does not throw back the lock it is any odds that the "split" will. With the lower lock (if there are two open) the burglar tries his hand on the spring lock above. His keys are probably no good for this, and the table knife comes into use. If the reader looks at his own front door he will see how easy it is to open this lock. From without the tongue of the spring lock is protected by a strip of wood about half an inch thick and two inches deep, which is nailed to the door frame. All the burglar has to do is to slide the knife between this piece of wood and the framework of the door until it strikes the tongue of the lock. Then the end of the blade forces back the bolt and the door is open. If the doorway is solid and the bolt of the lock shoots into the thick framework, the only way to get the door open is to cut the wood away. This, however, takes time and is a method rarely adopted. Sometimes, if there is a letter slit on the door and no box behind it, the burglar bends his wire into a suitable shape and tries by hitching it on to the handle of the lock to unfasten the door in that way. The burglar adds that it is quite easy to prevent the locks being manipulated at all. Have the letter slit covered—a piece of slanting tin is all that is needed—and drive a dozen very long nails into the framework of the door above and below and exactly in front of the place in which the spring lock fastens. The table-knife will not be able to pass the nails, and with a pocket-knife it would not be possible to cut away the frame-

Inspecting the Keyhole with a Lighted Match

work. The burglar could, of course, force the door with a crowbar, but that would cause too much noise and would be certain to lead to detection.

Despite all his precautions, the burglar of whom we speak was caught in an extraordinary manner. A flat was found temporarily untenanted, and he got to work, whilst his pal remained on the watch downstairs. When he was inside he was astonished to hear footsteps approaching, and then heard a key turn in the lock. A lady entered—she had been gossiping in another flat, and thus had not been seen by the look-out man—saw the burglar, and, with great presence of mind, immediately went outside, pulled the door to, and held it against the burglar whilst she yelled for assistance.

The burglar managed to open the door and get out, but he had not set foot upon the stairs when the caretaker captured him and held him until the police arrived. The confederate, astonished at the turn of events, attempted to rescue his "pal" from the caretaker, and thus brought himself within the clutches of the law.

The summer is the season of the year when flat burglars are busiest. People are away then on holidays, and any number of flats are left untenanted for long periods.

The ordinary burglar, too, gets in plenty of work, and the only real protection is for the people who are going away to notify the police of their absence and have their houses specially watched.

But even this precaution has not always succeeded. Two or three years ago a family living in one of the western

suburbs of London went away to the seaside, leaving their house under the watchful care of the police, who were asked by letter to keep their eyes on it. The officers on the beat received instructions to this effect, and repeatedly reported

Feeling for the Lock Tumblers with "Straight" and "Split" Key.

the house as being all correct. One night, however, about three weeks after the people had gone away, the night constable who had just inspected the fastenings, and was leaving by the front garden gate, was surprised to see two cabs drive up, both heavily laden with luggage. Two men and two women got out, and, noticing the policeman, were profuse in their thanks to him for the attention he was giving the house. "Come and have a drink, officer," said one of the men, who, slipping half-a-crown into the policeman's hand, immediately proceeded to the hall door and opened it. Inside he lit the gas in the hall, opened the door of the dining-room, and, going straight to a decanter on the sideboard, poured out for the constable a stiff glass of whiskey. Now the policeman was no fool, and wondered why the people had returned so late at night. His suspicions, however, were quickly dissipated, for the man who took the lead informed him that they had decided to extend their holiday and go to Norway, and that the ladies had found it necessary to come back to London for more dresses and things. They were leaving again in an hour or so to catch a steamer leaving the Royal Albert Docks. As everyone appeared to be quite at home and familiar with the interior of the house, the constable was satisfied, and went on his way, reporting to the sergeant that the people had returned to the specially-watched house. When he passed again he saw the cabs still waiting, noticed that the trunks had been taken inside the house, and that there were lights in several of the rooms. Later on he passed again. The house was all in darkness, the cabs had vanished. Nothing more was heard until a week later, when the real tenants of the house returned and found that in their absence everything of value had been stolen. The house had been turned topsy-turvy. Ornaments, silver, valuable bits of china, silk dresses, boots, all the cutlery, and an immense number of things had been carried off. The robbery was at once reported to the police, who quickly recognised how cleverly they had been outwitted. All the "swag," of course, had been carried out of the house in the trunks which the constable had seen on the cabs. The thieves, who were afterwards captured for another offence and smartly sentenced, had hired the cabs and horses, changed the numbers for the time being, the two drivers being pals of the gang. They watched the policeman go round his beat, and drove up to the door at a time when they knew the constable would be examining the premises.

In the United States they always go one better than Great Britain, and even in crime the competition appears to be keen. Thus a couple of months ago at New Rochelle, in the State of New York, the police captured a burglar for whom they had been long on the watch. He was well dressed and carried himself with a distinguished air. His silk hat was of the latest fashion, and quite immaculate, his frock-coat fitted to perfection, and his trousers were the smartest. When he was "pulled," however, the police paid more attention to his coat than to anything else. Inside there were over a dozen pockets, which held as fine a collection of burglar's tools as had ever come into their possession. A brace and half-a-dozen bits, for drilling holes in a door round a lock so that the latter might be cut out, a small fine saw to do the cutting, a jemmy, a candle, a bunch of skeleton keys, files, and a glazier's diamond were found snugly stowed away in separate pockets, so that when walking they would not rattle. The ingenious burglar who designed this coat is now in penal servitude.

Before concluding these articles on burglars it may be as well to point out that burglary is a most unprofitable crime. Here are some figures which plainly show this to be the case:

In 1900 the burglaries committed in London numbered 367. Property stolen was valued at £3,199, and property recovered at £725. In 1901 (these are the latest official figures obtainable) there were 547 burglaries, the property stolen amounting to £7,400, and that recovered to £1,611. Thus we get these figures:

Burglaries committed in two years.....		914
Property stolen	,, ,,	£10,599
Property recovered	,, ,,	2,336
Balance to the credit of the burglars ...		£8,263
Average profit per burglary		£9 0 9½

The burglar, however, does not reap this profit. He must either pawn the "swag," at great risk and at less than its value, or he must sell it to a "fence" at about a tenth of its

How a Masher Burglar Stored his Kit.

1. Tin Opener. 2. Glazier's Diamond. 3. File. 4. Fine Saw. 5. Brace (breast piece made to lie flat). 6. String. 7. Assorted Keys. 8. Candle. 9. Picker. 10. Fine Pliers. 11. Jemmy. 12. Assorted "Bits."

value. The profit per burglary, therefore, must be greatly reduced, and if the thief gets 15s. out of it it is as much as ever he does. Honest work is more profitable and far more comfortable.

JUDGE TOLER, afterwards Lord Norbury, whose severity was at one time proverbial, was at a public dinner with Curran, the celebrated Irish lawyer. Toler, observing Curran carving a piece of corned beef, said, "If it is hung beef, I will try it." "If you try it, my lord," replied Curran, "I am sure it will be hung."

An Anti-Flogger

AT the time of the great boom in licensed property, which was in full swing some time about 1885, Mr. Bung was getting a bit too big for his boots, and divided the inhabitants of this globe into two categories, namely, "Publicans" and "Non-Publicans," the latter of whom ranked in Mr. Bung's eyes as "sinners," whose principal crime was that they were "no class"; indeed, unlikely ever to rise high enough to keep a tied beer-house. The signs of the houses disappeared, and after a certain amount of space had been devoted to the brewers' interests, the whole of the wall from the top of the ground floor plate-glass to the first floor window-sills was occupied by large, brass-like letters, spelling out the name of the landlord-for-the-moment. It is with much pleasanter recollections that we look back upon a public-house sign in Mount Street, Nottingham, dedicated to the honour of Sir Francis Burdett, the distinguished philanthropic politician who is closely wrapped up with the conclusion of our story. At this house, in days of old, before the famous pork-butcher evangelist, Jimmy Dupe, converted him, the one and only Bendigo would do things that would have outraged the feelings of Sir Francis Burdett, could he have witnessed them. Bendigo would see a quart pot on the counter, and would proceed to drink out of it, not only uninvited, but by *force majeure*. "Bendigo again in trouble!" was a familiar heading on Nottingham contents-bills. Bendigo never engaged a "mouthpiece." His regular defence before the magistrates would be that he would pull out from a sort of lawyer's bag the various silver testimonial cups that had been given him by sprigs of the aristocracy with more money than brains. His *ad personam* argument would be: "Now, gentlemen, ah've showed yer what Sir Robert Clifton giv' me, an' ah've bin to Mester Fletcher, th' pawnbrokers, a' puppas as ah meet show yer what Squire Musters giv' me; an' theer's not th' man 'twixt here an' Lunnon as dares say as Bobby Clifton ain't as good a gemman as ever trod i' shoe-leather. An' as for Jacky Musters, . . ." The end of it would be that Bendigo was generally let off with a fine—often a thumping one—but the money would be paid. At last Bendigo grew too hot. He looked like getting a sequence of severe sentences unless he altered his ways. Nowadays, however, the memory of Bendigo is fading. The township in Australia, named after him, is a record that there once was a man named William Thompson, but Buck Barclay's brave horse that won the first Eclipse Stakes and the first Jubilee Stakes has practically wiped the converted pugilist's eye.

Where were we when we began to ramble? Why, at the sign of the Sir Francis Burdett, in Mount Street, Nottingham, now kept by Mr. Bannister. Now, Sir Francis Burdett, after whom that comfortable house was named, was the third son of Sir Robert Burdett, the fourth baronet, and, as befitted a member of so highly-esteemed a family, he married Miss Sophia Coutts, the daughter of the celebrated banker. He was speedily recognised by the public as a champion of the liberty of speech, but there could not fail to be nasty people who would say that he was playing to the gallery. The Habeas Corpus Act was so continually being suspended that he was bold enough on one occasion to propose that it should be repealed altogether rather than be rendered inoperative by continual suspensions. At Coldbath Fields Prison, now known as "Mount Pleasant," the site of the Parcel Post Office, there was no difference made between the treatment of convicted felons and that of persons who were "suspected" (by Government officials, who were allowed to "suspect" anybody and to arrest him under the "Habeas Corpus Suspension Act"). In 1787, Burdett, then a young man of twenty-seven, and Member of Parliament for Boroughbridge, put his foot down on that state of things, and as a private member acting "on his own," made the ministry rectify the scandal. A disputed election in 1802 caused two years' litigation, and cost the parties untold sums of money. Burdett vowed he would never contest another election. But he did. Once there was a misunderstanding with his best friend and fellow-candidate—a Mr. Paull—to whose election expenses Burdett had subscribed £1,000 on a former occasion. There was a duel; both were wounded, and they returned to London together in Paull's carriage. Their particular party-cry at this time was "Electional Purity." (That would never have done for Bendigo. Why, Bendigo was the head "lamb" in Nottingham practically until the introduction of vote by ballot. Bendigo must have made enough out of elections to sink a ship.) Well, Burdett got in for Westminster, and sat as its member for thirty years. He spoke against corporal punishment in the Army, and made an unsuccessful endeavour to get a parliamentary return of ten years' floggings, so it was natural that he should be the one to take prompt notice of any such outrage as a case of "marooning" a sailor. We must not yet leave Burdett, for his story is pregnant with political interest. He had committed a "breach of privilege," as it appears to have been in those days, by having had printed a speech which he had delivered in Parliament.

Much debate was exercised as to what was to be done with him. Precedent, there was none; for the honourable gentleman had gone home and fastened himself in. "An Englishman's house is his castle," and Lord Eldon, and other legal authorities declined to say that it was not. Lord Redesdale suggested an act of "attainder," if the culprit still refused to yield. The house was garrisoned by volunteers—just like the house in the Rue Chabrol—and, against the wishes of the Sheriff, the Life Guards were called out. On the fourth day the house was broken into; Burdett was taken to the Tower of London, and kept there six weeks or so, until Parliament was prorogued. The Westminster Committee had intended to civilly-arrest each one of the Life Guards' officers when they could catch them by themselves; but that never came off. And when Burdett came out of the Tower, he went off quietly in a boat, instead of riding in a triumphal procession to Piccadilly. His chief wire-puller, Mr. Place, never forgave the apparent slight, and would not speak to Burdett for years.

For all that, Burdett kept on championing "Reform," and once got three months at Leicester Assizes in 1820, and was fined £2,000 for criticising the Government too freely about the Peterloo affair. When Queen Victoria came to the throne he joined the Conservatives of the day, and, like the fox-hunting squire that he was, he easily found a constituency in North Wilts, which he represented until his death, on January 23, 1844.

The work that was done by Sir Francis Burdett and Cobbett's "Register" at the close of the reign of George III., throughout the reign of George IV., and practically throughout the reign of William IV., is continued at the present day by the staff of the "Police Budget" and of "Famous Crimes." It is one of our strong points that, though we insist most firmly that "the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client," still the man who will submit to cruelty and injustice to himself or anybody else, simply because he is too lazy to find out that they are wrong who tell him that "it is the law of the land," does not deserve to be a British subject. In the Navy, as in the Army, court-martial proceedings are referred to "higher authority," but in the Navy it was often necessarily a case of "hang a man first, and hear what the Judge Advocate says about it afterwards." The powers of a Captain who is in command of one of His Majesty's vessels are very great, but they are rigorously defined. But a hundred years ago nobody knew much about them. Sailors were "enlisted" by the Press Gang. They were "flogged all round the Fleet," i.e., given twenty-five or fifty lashes on board every vessel. One officer, Captain the Hon. W. Lake, actually ordered an A.B., named Robert Jeffery, to be "marooned" on a desolate island called Sombrero, in the West Indies, and there he remained for eight days, living on a few limpets and rain-water, until he was rescued by an American vessel, December 13, 1807. His crime had been that he had tapped a barrel of beer when the ship's company was on short allowance. Jeffery got back to England, and Sir Francis Burdett took up the cudgels for him. Captain Lake was tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service, February 10, 1810, besides having to pay Jeffery £600 compensation. Captains ordered "keel-haulings," and "walking the plank," and like abominations, thoroughly convinced that they themselves would never get into trouble for ordering such punishments. Indeed, until the "Child Messenger Act" and the "Habitual Drunkards Act," the law of the land was hardly promulgated at all. For all that, many naval officers would deliberately set the law at defiance. For instance, there was a regulation prohibiting "mast-heading" midshipmen as a punishment. But, for years after that, an offending middy would be sent to the masthead "to look out" for some vessel, which was either non-existent, or, at any rate, hundreds of miles away from the middy's range of vision.

The Baumgart Tragedy.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND MURDER.

"A horrid tale of murder that should freeze
The blood, and chill the vitals, make the hair
Arise in consternation, and the knees
Cause to knock inwards, and all ladies fair
Provoke to swooning; read it as you please,
Or if you don't—well don't—but I declare
That all who do, howe'er they may dissemble,
Shall somewhere in the reading of it tremble."
—From CYPRIAN'S "Perceval."

PART I.

IT is a habit amongst certain poetical and fanciful writers to speak of individual human natures as being composed and born of the natural phenomena of the material world; thus we read of "daughters of flowers," "spirits of fire and dew," "sons of the morning," and so forth, with infinite variations.

In individual men there are often to be found characteristics and temperamental partialities so strongly defined that, in describing them, one is irresistibly led into such metaphorical writing as we have quoted from above.

Such natures demand a pregnant epithet, a descriptive cognomen, and such a nature was that of Hans Herman, the hero of the strange and tragically eventful history which we are about to recount.

He was the child of the storm, the offspring of dreadful night. In the storm we first find him, a squalling babe that is ushered into our presence by the roll and the crash of thunder, whose face we first see lit by the fitfully-flashing lightning, and during the brief but tragic course of his wild career the thunder's voice is never silent, the wrathful lightning never wholly dimmed.

Let us relate his history.

Chursdorf is one of the wildest and most romantic spots in all Germany. It is, in fact, one vast forest land, interspersed here and there with small towns and hamlets of a primitive and picturesque description. The district is such as we have described at the present moment, but at the time of which we write the spacious forests were invested often by troops of robbers, and afforded woody lairs for many a miscreant flying from the ardent hands of justice. These great wide-stretching solitudes of leaf and branch and undergrowth—what tales might they not tell were they but endowed with the powers of speech!—tales of valiant contests that dyed their verdant glades to crimson, of old love-troths plighted in their solitary glens, of murder, outrage, and robbery—and yet, were all these tales told, the forests could, we venture to think, tell us of nothing more remarkable than the story of Hans Herman, the child of the storm, and Baumgart, the miller.

Baumgart lived in one of the most lonely and unfrequented spots in all Chursdorf. At the commencement of this history he was a young man with a young wife and a baby. Baumgart, who was prosperous and respected by all who knew him, was in person a tall man, with a somewhat commanding presence. He was known as a gentle and amiable man, very much in love with his wife, and devoted to children in general, his own baby in particular.

The young couple lived in the mill-house, an old and semi-historic building that, it was reported, had at one time been visited by the Great Frederick, who, it seems, had even condescended to drink a stoup of wine under his roof.

Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the residence of the Baumgarts was of considerable antiquity, as houses go. It was of somewhat angular structure, large and roomy, with mullioned windows and sloping roof, and with any amount of outhouses that had been erected by different owners at different times, jutting out irregularly from the main building.

The mills were adjacent; all day long their wide wings twirled round and round in sight of Baumgart's house. Here, indeed, little else could be seen but the vast, invariable green of the forests, the spire of a neighbouring village church, and the mills; nothing else could be heard but the sound of the mills, the singing of birds, and the falling of water. Here little Hans Herman in after years found it very pleasant to sit amongst the roses of Baumgart's garden and listen to the stream's song and the mill's song. And yet these songs were sung to little purpose, for no particle of their message of peace and content did they inculcate into the strange boy's stormy breast.

One night, in the autumn of 1840, a thunderstorm of remarkable violence broke over Chursdorf. The rain poured down from the heavens in torrents, the thunder rolled and crashed in the forests, and the vivid lightning stabbed the darkness again and again with jagged spears of light.

Baumgart sat secure in his kitchen before a cheerful fire, his young wife beside him, and Karl, his ever-faithful servitor, opposite.

"'Tis a terrible night, wife," remarked the miller.

"Terrible! terrible! Ah! husband——"

The girl hid her face in her hands as a blaze of lightning suddenly flashed through the sky.

"Draw the curtains closer, Karl," said Baumgart. "What is there to fear, child? 'Tis God directs the storm."

"I know, husband, I know; and yet—and yet—I feel as if to-night the devil and his legions were let loose upon us. I think something terrible will happen."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense!" said the miller, drawing his young wife's frightened face close to his own and kissing her pretty lips.

Yet he himself was startled at the visible terror in the girl's eyes.

Old Karl leisurely got up from his stool and buried his wrinkled visage in a mug of home-made beer. Then he shuffled over to the windows and drew the curtains closer.

There was an interval between the thunder-claps

Baumgart was about to speak, when his wife suddenly stretched out her hand to his lips.

"Hush!" she said, half rising, "hush! Frederick. Listen! listen! There it is again!"

She was now standing, her face blanched and her eyes steadfastly fixed on vacancy, her whole attitude one of rapt attention.

The two men stood facing her, surprise in their faces and ejaculations on their lips.

The thunder rolled out its mighty voice again. The woman still stood erect, listening—to what?

"What is it, my dear? What did you hear?" asked Baumgart.

"There! there! No, no; it's lost in the storm!" cried the girl. "I heard a baby wailing without our door, husband! Listen again!"

Karl and Baumgart looked at one another in astonishment.

The thunder ceased again for a minute, and then, faintly but distinctly, the three occupants of the room heard a thin, weak baby-voice, wailing in the storm. The next moment the piping cry, the strange, half-human wail, was engulfed in the roar of the thunder.

Still, everyone had heard it.

"What did I tell you, Frederich? What did I tell you, Karl?" cried the wife. "There is a child without that door!"

Baumgart plucked up a candle and walked over, with the evident purpose of investigating the mystery. Old Karl intercepted him with an imploring gesture.

"Master! master!" he stammered, "don't be rash! I tell you there is something ungodly in this! Leave well alone! If you so much as open that door, maybe as we shall be murdered, maybe——"

Baumgart brushed him aside, and with a strong hand drew back the bolts into their sockets and flung open the door. The wind and the rain rushed in upon him with incredible violence. The young man stood staring into the unfathomable darkness before him, and then, almost at his feet, he heard a child's cry.

Faint, but distinct, it came to him from the storm, the pitiful sound of a baby weeping. Then the lightning rent the darkness with its jagged edge again. A flood of half-blinding light streamed for a second upon Baumgart, illuminating with extraordinary brilliance every particular of the tempestuous scene.

For one brief instant Baumgart caught a glimpse of what

seemed to be a bundle of clothes, lying in a niche on the left hand of the porch.

He stumbled forward, and, putting out his hands, touched the cheek of a live infant. He took the wailing child up in his arms and carried it within to his wife.

"It is! it is! I knew it was a baby!" she cried, running forward and taking the infant from her husband.

Old Karl, trembling, and none too pleased with the strange turn events had taken, hastened to secure the still open door.

"I found it in the porch, wife," said Baumgart, speaking excitedly. "Poor little mite! Let us look at her."

His wife looked at him contemptuously.

"And what do you know of children that you should say 'her'?" she asked in a superior manner, and proceeding at once to examine the features of the still squalling babe.

It was wrapt in a thick red shawl of Bavarian pattern, a thin, weak-looking male child, with curly hair and large dark eyes that stared at its new friends in bewilderment, tempered with awe.

Baumgart's wife strained it to her bosom, and the child ceased to cry.

Old Karl came back into the room and inspected the little intruder from a safe distance.

"It's unholy, that's what it is," said he; "maybe it's an imp of Satan's, maybe as——"

"Nonsense, Karl!" interrupted Baumgart rather angrily. "It's simply a poor, lost, homeless baby."

The young miller bent down and kissed it on the forehead. There were tears in his eyes. He felt a great wave of sympathy sweep over him, sympathy for this lost, undesired atom of humanity abandoned at his doors, this waif of eternity left to the tender mercies of the raging storm, that howled and bellowed even now without the house.

Baumgart and his wife looked at each other, reading in each other's tearful eyes the affirmatory answer to the mutual question that was in their hearts, if not upon their lips.

"Yes, wife, I will keep him," said the miller. "God has sent him to us; we have rescued him from the storm, and we will not abandon him. We are not poor; we can afford many more such sons. He shall learn to play with little Gretchen, and be one of us."

The wife threw herself upon her husband's bosom with streaming eyes and an over-full heart.

"Oh, how I love you!—I love you, Frederich!" she said. "Yes, we will teach him to play with little Gretchen and to become one of us."

So these two simple-minded young people kissed each other and wept in gladness over the great goodness of God in entrusting to them so precious a care.

And outside, the storm shrieked and thundered as before, perhaps in anger, as Baumgart thought, at being deprived of its prey, perhaps in grim mockery, as Karl thought, at the foolishness of mortals in taking to the breasts an imp of darkness, or perhaps the elements of wrath concerted to execute a suitable prelude for the dread and terrible destiny in which so many human lives were to be involved, and which had been first set on foot this night of terror.

In such a manner the child of the storm came into the house of Baumgart, the miller, fathered by the lightning and the thunder. Is it unnatural that his should be a history at once tempestuous and melancholy?

Out of the storm he was taken; let us follow him on his destined tracks through his short span of turmoil and travail, knowing that unto the storm he must return again eventually. But we have left him, a crooning babe, in the arms of Baumgart.

"MASTER, MASTER, DON'T BE RASH!"

"He is very like a cherub," said the wife, bending over the infant now fallen into sleep.

"He is very like an imp!" murmured old Karl, as he shuffled off to his bed.

Of the two criticisms neither was just.

* * * * * *

Baumgart called the boy Hans, and he was brought up by the miller and wife as one of their family.

Hans was a strange child, full of wild moods, and subject to periods of mental depression and melancholy. He grew to be remarkably handsome, tall in his person, and upright, with a rather pale face, long, dark, curling ringlets, and fine eyes. He was possessed of a precocious intellect, and sometimes astonished the miller and his friends with shrewd questions and apt answers, which would not have been unfitting in a boy twice his years.

Old Karl obstinately regarded this precocity on the part of Hans as a sign of his impish birth, and was never tired of prophesying dark and terrible happenings that were to befall the house of Baumgart, as punishment for their sin and folly in holding out the hand of benevolence to the stranger child.

Hans, when he grew to be of a proper age, was sent to a little village school, where it was that he first learnt from the mouths of his companions the fact that he was not in reality the miller's son. From that moment he spent a great deal of his time in wondering who his father and mother really were,

and projected all manner of infantile schemes for discovering his parentage.

Once a boy taunted him with being a basard, and Hans, who was generally supposed to be a meekand gentle-dispositioned child, fought this youth, and battred his features out of all recognition.

Then he stood and laughed at his vanquished foe, spat on him, and went home with a face as quiet and a demeanour as tranquil as usual.

This fight created considerable commotion in the neighbourhood, and served to prove old Karl's incessantly reiterated statement "that there were terrible possibilities in that boy Hans." Certainly it became daily more evident to Baumgart and his wife that beneath Hans's external docility there smouldered flames of passion and ill-humour that might at any moment burst into a dire and all-consuming conflagration.

The boy loved the Baumgarts, especially the miller, to whom he looked up as the embodiment of rectitude and ideal manhood. The discovery that the miller and his wife were not actually his parents, but rather his benefactors, diverted to some extent his affections, and seriously damaged his peace of mind.

He was always conjecturing as to what manner of woman his mother might be—whether she was alive and whether she ever thought of him. The miller, who had grown somewhat portly, and who now boasted of five children instead of one, would frequently talk to the youth about that stormy night on which he first came into their midst.

"Whoever my parents are, they can have no love for me," said Hans bitterly one evening. "Why, then, do I torture myself with thinking of them, wondering who and what they are?"

"Natural curiosity, my son," said the miller blandly.

"Son! Ah! I wish I were your son. If I owned you for a father I should own the best man in all the world."

"Nonsense, my dear boy! I have great faults."

"You! You are faultless."

The miller got up and paced the old kitchen with an uneasy step. Presently he drew his chair closer to Hans, and sat down again.

"You often speak to me, Hans," said he gravely, "as if—and I believe you sincerely think so—I was indeed almost faultless. You are wrong. I have been a great sinner in my time."

"You!"

"Aye. 'Tis best not spoken of, but I have sinned more than most mortals."

Deeply interested as Hans was, he saw that the conversation was an extremely painful one to the miller, so he lapsed into the silence, wondering what great sin the miller had committed.

He did not know that Baumgart was of a simple and primitive disposition, and one likely to judge his own past failings from a severer moral standpoint than the generality of sinners.

The conversation was never renewed.

One day Hans met, while wandering in the forest, an old gipsy woman, who offered to tell his fortune for a small piece of silver. Hans, by nature superstitious, struck a bargain with her, by which he was to learn the past and the future on payment of a coin that amounted to an English threepenny-bit.

The gipsy woman related to him her invariable yarn about health and ultimate wealth, the beautiful girl he was to marry, and the number of times he was to be crossed in love.

"Tell me about mother?" asked Hans. "I have never seen her. Is she alive? What is she like?"

"Dearie, dearie, how you do run on!" mumbled the old hag. "I was just coming to that—you take the words out of my mouth. Your mother is alive and well. She was a pure, good, and beautiful lady once——"

"What? what? Go on!" cried Hans, highly excited.

"Another piece of silver, dearie."

"Not a penny! Go on, and tell me all!"

"Won't you give me another piece?"

"I tell you no. Keep your word; I have kept mine."

"I'm a poor old woman, and what's a bit of silver to a gentleman like you?" murmured the obdurate harridan.

Hans was half frantic; to his eyes the veil of doubt and ignorance that obscured his birth and parentage was about to be lifted. He felt he was on the brink of a great crisis in his life. The much longed-for knowledge might be his for a silver piece.

He felt in his pocket and found it empty.

In a transport of rage and mortification, he caught the aged woman by the throat and pulled her towards him.

"Tell me," he shouted, "all you see, all you know, and all the truth, or I'll kill you!"

The miserable creature was terrified into submission by this onslaught, but all the honey went out of her words, and the picture that she painted was no longed beautiful.

"You're mother is alive, boy," she croaked. "Never try to see her. She was ruined when she was a young and innocent girl, and now she is as the very dirt of the gutter of the streets. Oh! oh! you don't like the truth, do you?"

The youth, pale and trembling, relinquished his grasp upon the gipsy, and she hurried away, muttering curses against Hans and his mother.

He was stunned and dazed by what he had heard, which he never doubted to be anything but the purest truth. He threw himself upon the ground and wept over his ruined dream—the dream of a good and beautiful mother—and then, tearing up the grass in delirious rage, he swore to be avenged upon the man, if he lived, who had caused his mother's downfall.

He related this incident to the miller, who was likewise credulous, and therefore much shocked at the sayings of the gipsy woman.

The next exploit of Hans was to fall in love with Bertha,

He caught her by the throat.

Baumgart's eldest daughter's closest friend. The two became inseparable, but Bertha's parents objected to the intimacy, on the grounds of the youth's strange history. However, the young people did not trouble themselves overmuch about this, but kissed and vowed eternal fidelity in the manner of their kind, and became, so they said, betrothed.

And now the sunshine is going out of our hero's history; the shadows are already lengthening—the shadows that precede the terrible events that we shall in due course have to describe.

One summer's afternoon, Hans, now grown to be a strong, straight-limbed young man, was walking, as was often his habit, along a small winding path that led through the forest from the miller's house to the cottage where Bertha and her parents lived, when he was surprised and somewhat alarmed to behold a man suddenly leap out of a thicket and make towards him with hasty strides. This individual, clad in what seemed to have originally been a decent peasant's garb, dirty, unkempt, and slovenly in attire, was of a singularly unprepossessing appearance. He was about the middle height and inclined to be burly, with a round, fat face, covered in spots and blotches. His hair was somewhat long and matted, his eyes, small and beady, were deep-set and very bright, and his lips, loose and blubber-like, did not conceal his yellow, irregular teeth.

Hans instinctively prepared for an assault, but the stranger approached him with what he evidently intended to be an ingratiating smile. When he had come within speak-

ing distance of our hero he stopped, made a profound bow, smirked, and removed his ragged hat.

"Hans Herman, I believe?" he said, in deep, guttural tones.

Hans shook his head.

"That is not my name," said he.

"Oh, pardon!" answered the stranger with a grin. "I am aware that you are known in these parts as Hans Baumgart, but your real name is Herman—that is your mother's name."

The youth started back as if he had been shot, his face blanched and his lips twitching. His interlocutor smiled at the impression he had produced.

Hans recovered a partial composure.

"My mother!" he cried. "What do you know of my mother?"

"I am at present a messenger from her to you."

"A messenger!—from my mother!—the mother I have never seen! Oh, God! what does all this mean?"

The youth was utterly bewildered, but the stranger was very much at his ease.

"Hem!" said he, coughing apologetically. "I expected you would be surprised. I quite expected it."

"How do I know that this is not the trick of some miscreants to defraud?" said Hans.

"Wait a bit, my young friend; you talk wildly. You have not even heard what my business with you is yet."

"Ah! that is true. Pray tell me at once."

"Your mother, my good sir, is anxious to behold her son again. Reasons which I am not at liberty to mention forbid her presence here, but she is wishful to make known to you the curious circumstances of your birth, and many other matters of interest to you. For this purpose, to say nothing of the natural feelings of a mother, to whom circumstances have denied the companionship of her son, she is wishful to see you at once. I may say that your worthy mother entrusts much of her business into my hands, therefore to me has fallen the duty of appointing a meeting-place for this most desirable reunion."

Hans had listened with profound attention to this harangue, only the restless eye and the twitching lip betraying the storm of contending emotions that raged within his breast. He felt an overwhelming desire to see and speak with his unknown mother, and yet he could not deny to himself the distrust—indeed, the positive dislike—with which this stranger inspired him.

"Where is this proposed place of meeting?" he said at length, eyeing his companion keenly.

"For the convenience of all parties and for the preservation of the interview's secrecy, I have chosen Heinriche's Inn at Lippelure."

"Good God! and will my mother consent to meet me at such a place?" cried the youth with a start.

"You know the inn?" asked the stranger with a sly glance.

"I know of it. But, my good friend, how am I to tell that this is not a plan, a device, to decoy me to Lippelure for some malevolent reason?"

"Robbery, you mean. Think again, young sir."

"No, no; you are right. I am too poor to be game for thieves' plucking."

"What then?"

"I cannot say, but to me it all seems——"

"Be not afraid; come armed to the teeth if you like."

"I am not used to fear."

"Spoken like a man! Now for your answer. Do we expect you or no?"

For a moment Hans was silent, debating in his overwrought brain the advisability of granting the interview.

"Enough! I will come," he said at length, as much to himself as to the stranger.

"Good; I expected nothing less. We shall await you at nine to-morrow night."

"We!"

"Oh, I shall simply be in attendance."

The fellow stretched out his hand, and Hans half-unconsciously took the beefy fist in his own slight grasp.

"Farewell!" said the stranger, and, turning on his heel, disappeared in the forest.

For some time Hans stood erect and motionless in the great silence of the wood, half-wondering whether all that he had just experienced was a dream, and he himself the sport of fancy.

"No!" he cried at length, "it is true!—it is real! At last I shall behold my mother!"

He journeyed home to the mill-house, where he waited in impatient expectation for the morrow's evening.

He was careful to maintain the secrecy of the adventure, and he did not even mention to the miller his encounter with the stranger in the forest.

Early on the following evening he set out for Lippelure. He was at once hopeful and despondent, trusting to being agreeably surprised, and yet fearing a disappointment. Yet in his wildest dreams he never foreshadowed the horrible awakening that was in store for him, the complete demolition and abasement of all the visions of his youth.

He trudged through the wide-stretching forest, now and again encountering a solitary wayfarer, whom he greeted with a passing salutation.

The way was long, but he was stout of limb, and stepped forward at a good pace, remembering that every step brought him nearer to the solution of his natal mystery, to the explanation of all doubts that surrounded his birth and parentage, and nearer to his mother.

The sun was just sinking in a great glory of crimson fire when Lippelure came in sight, and the shadows of twilight had crept out of their hiding-places in the great forests, and were covering the quaint old town in a tender gloom when he walked down the main street. He was far too early to think of keeping his appointment, so he spent the intervening time in lounging about the little market-place and talking with those persons with whom he was acquainted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Lawyer's Lingo.

MANY people have asked why it is that in law there are so many curious terms made use of, and even the man in the street, who has not studied the jargon of the courts, is at a loss to understand the phraseology which to-day may be heard in the Courts of Justice. For instance, what does the ordinary person understand by "champerty," "estreating," "certiorari," and so on? The reason for these curious titles it to be found in the fact that, when England was young, bad Norman French was the only recognised language in the Law Courts, and thus, when England began to become English, many of the strange terms were retained. Later, the legal diction was Latin, and other terms crept in. To-day we have to suffer for the sins of our forefathers and make the best we can out of the medley of inaccurate French, bad Latin, and worse English which the gentlemen of the long robe presume is intelligible to every subject of King Edward, forgetful of the fact that to many skilled lawyers the exact meaning of the older statutes is a sealed book.

Strange as it may appear to every right-thinking person, ignorance of the law is no excuse in sight of the lawyers, with one notable exception. The unlearned farm-hand is supposed, technically, to be perfectly well-versed in the intricacies of our judicial code, but the judge who may have to try the poor hind is not considered a perfect exponent of the very law which he has spent years in studying. Thus, if the labourer makes a mistake through ignorance he is held accountable for it, but the judge is simply regarded as human, and permitted to make gross errors which some judicial brother sets right for him!

Sumptuary laws are things of the past, but for all that they were at one time of great importance, and to us who live in a free country are interesting. For instance, it was criminal for anybody who was not a prince to eat turbot or to wear velvet. The diet on which servants were to be fed was strictly laid down; those who had the honour of serving a lord were permitted to have meat once a day, together with "remnants of milk, butter, and cheese." Ploughmen were ordered "to eat moderately"; none were to eat flesh meat on Fridays, not from any religious motive but to ensure that the fishermen were able to gain an honest livelihood, "lest the mariners and fisher folk become smugglers to the detriment of the land." To prevent anybody saying that the Friday fast was a relic of the ordinances of Rome it was ordered that those who said so should be punished as "spreaders of false news." Till the time of James I. the sick were exempt from the compulsory fish diet law, but that monarch thought fit to repeal the law and compel invalids to consume their fair share of fish weekly.

It is a legal maxim that everybody, whether English or foreign, who lands on British soil is immediately endowed with a complete understanding of the laws of the land. In spite of this, for many years it was deemed inconvenient to publish reports of the statutes which were passed in the vulgar tongue lest the unlearned should be able to read them and draw false conclusions from them. Thus people were expected to know matters which they were prevented from comprehending.

The Mirfield Murders of '47.

WHOLESALE BUTCHERY OF AN AGED COUPLE AND THEIR MAID.

"There's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villainy."
—JOHN COOK, "The City Gallant."

A DOUBLE TRIAL and a SINGLE ENDING.

ONE of the most awful murders that was ever committed in the West Riding of Yorkshire was perpetrated at Mirfield, near Dewsbury, on Wednesday afternoon, May 12, 1847. It was described at the time as one which could not be equalled in England's "calendar of crime"; and, indeed, it would be hard to find anything in subsequent history to approach the case in its atrocity and blackness of design.

On the top of the village of Mirfield, overlooking a most beautiful and fertile valley, lived a family who met the ruthless treatment we have now to narrate. Their dwelling was a plain, substantial stone building, consisting of two parlours and a kitchen on the ground floor, and three bedrooms on the second storey. It stood distant from the highway about 150 yards, fronting some fields, which had a footpath crossing through them, distant about 100 yards from the dwelling. The only road to the house from the highway at the back was a private road, which terminated at the back yard, and led to a door at the west end of the dwelling, and from thence to the garden and the front door.

There was no other dwelling within 150 yards, and the house could not be seen from most other houses in the neighbourhood, particularly its entrance. Though standing in the midst of a very numerous and busy population, it was, nevertheless, the most secluded of spots; and it is scarcely credible that such an awful tragedy as we have to detail could have taken place at mid-day without detection on the instant, or without some better clue to the perpetrators, than was in this instance obtained.

The family inhabiting this dwelling consisted of James Wraith, an old man of 77; Mary, his second wife, whose exact age is not recorded, and Caroline Ellis, a young woman of 20, who lived with the old couple as servant.

James Wraith had, in his earlier days, been steward to Samuel Brooks, Esq., J.P., in that neighbourhood, but he had retired, "living on his means." He possessed a little property. The house he lived in, and seven acres of land attached, were his own. He had also several sums of money out at mortgage, and on one day he was at Wakefield Outwood to draw the rents of some cottages there, of which he had purchased the life interest. He had also just sold a number of cottages situated in Mirfield, and it was probable that he had in the house a considerable sum of money, which, to some one or two who knew it, might form an inducement for the perpetration of the awfully bloody deeds which they committed.

The old lady also possessed property in her own right, which she disposed of as she pleased. She, too, had various sums out at mortgage.

James Wraith was a remarkably quiet and inoffensive man, interfering with no one, but occupying himself with looking after his own "bit of land," getting such occasional help in the neighbourhood as he needed, and living in a most plain and unostentatious manner.

He had no children either by his first or second wife. Three nephews of his lived, however, in the neighbourhood, one of whom, if not more, had children.

His wife had two children named Parker, one of whom resided at Leeds and the other at Mirfield, the latter about a quarter of a mile from the residence of his mother and step-father. It appears that this son and the step-father had not been on the best of terms, differences having arisen from conduct on the part of the son which the old man could but condemn. The occupation of the son was that of a schoolmaster, but it would seem that his income from that source had been too scanty to afford him a living, or inadequate for his habits, as he had had for a considerable period a weekly stipend from his mother, out of her own income. The other son had been in business, but had failed, and it was understood that he then had involved the old lady to some extent.

Thus the family had lived until the Wednesday when their lives fell a sacrifice either to deep-seated revenge or to detestable cruelty. The last time any member of the family was seen alive was between eleven and twelve in the forenoon of that day, when the old man went from his residence to one of his nephew's, to order his grand-nephew, whom he was in the habit of employing, to go with him into the land in the afternoon on some trifling matter of work.

At 1.30 o'clock the boy attended at his great-uncle's residence, but found it closed. After knocking in vain at the kitchen door, and after trying to look in at the kitchen window, he went round to the front, and found both the windows and the door closed there also. Observing that blood was oozing from under the front door upon the door-step, he became alarmed, and ran home to tell his mother. She sounded the alarm further, and an entrance being effected into the house through the kitchen window, a sight presented itself such as was hardly ever before beheld.

In the kitchen behind the door, with her head nearly close to it, lay the horribly mutilated body of the young servant girl. Her skull was laid open in several places, her brains were scattered on the floor; her jaw was smashed, and her teeth driven out; her arm was also broken, and, to crown all, her throat was cut, and, as may be expected, she was steeped in blood.

In the passage leading from the kitchen into the parlour and also to the front door, lay the body of Mary Wraith, also weltering in her blood. Her skull, too, was fractured in many places; the right eye was literally smashed out, the very socket itself being destroyed. Her arm was broken, and her throat cut. A large pool of blood flowed from the body, and had made its way under the front door down to the second step. The head of the old lady lay close by the door, and her feet towards the kitchen.

In the right hand parlour, entering from the kitchen, lay the dead body of the master, James Wraith. His skull was broken in several places; the lower jaw was severely fractured, the right arm dislocated, and his throat cut from ear to ear; all the arteries were turned inside out, and a bloody razor, which was shut, was laid on his breast.

On the floor of the same room, but under the window, lay a kitchen poker, which told its own tale as to the instrument with which the horrible tragedy had been committed. It was bent with the force of the blows that had been struck with it. On the table stood the family dinner, partly eaten. It consisted of a plain shepherd's pie and a little beer. The old man's plate had a bone cleanly picked on it, and the old lady's plate had been set in a corner, with scraps on it for the cat. A silver pint tankard stood on the table with a small quantity of beer in it, and the vessel was all besmeared with blood, as if grasped by the bloody hand that had effected all this murderous work to quench a raging thirst.

In addition to the loss of life of the three persons named above, it appears that the mother of the murdered girl, to whom the dreadful news was too suddenly communicated, was so much affected that she expired in two or three hours.

The sensation which the most awful affair created throughout the district was truly deep. It pervaded all classes. A feeling of alarm was extensively entertained, and no wonder; for here was an entire family knocked on the head under the most surprising and, at first, the most inexplicable mystery.

Amongst the mass the feeling experienced was one of deep indignation, which manifested itself in a most unwise manner. Two men of Irish nationality—Patrick Reid and Michael McCabe—were taken into custody on suspicion. There was a strong current of racial ill-feeling aroused by the hot-headed Yorkshire population, and this feeling fermented to such a degree that breaches of the peace were apprehended in the shape of endeavours to "drive out the Irish."

This conduct was considered, as it was, most foolish, to say nothing of its wickedness, and a correspondent to a local newspaper of the period argued the point forcefully, and, it is to be hoped, effectively. "Granting" (the writer protested) "that it should ultimately be proved that these par-

ticularly brutal deeds have been committed by Irishmen, are not the Irishmen included in the general condemnation entitled to ask whether Greenacre was an Irishman? were Thurtell and Probert Irishmen? was the murderer of Maria Martin an Irishman? was Daniel Good an Irishman? Alas! we have had Englishmen who have been as great disgrace to the name and character of our people as the worst criminal that Ireland ever produced; and it would be as reasonable for the Irish to treat every Englishman in Ireland as a Greenacre as it is for our people to engage in wicked schemes to 'drive out the Irish' because two of their countrymen stood charged with this barbarous act."

THE ARREST OF PATRICK REID.

Thus wrote this clear-headed correspondent, just when there were ominous signs of a panic whose outcome it would be difficult to estimate, and the simple logic of the epistle, perhaps more than aught else, assuaged the temper of the indignant populace, and induced them to appeal to reason before inflicting injustice upon irresponsible residents.

From what transpired it would appear that the act was engaged in through sordid motives. Plunder was undoubtedly the object, and to attain this object life was sacrificed. It would appear, too, that the murderous portion of the act must have been premeditated, for the party seemed to have "gone at it at once." No time was given for parleying, no opportunity for escape, no chance for alarm.

It was evident from the blood bespattered on the fender that the servant was struck as she knelt on the floor cleaning it, and from the position of the bodies and the marks of blood left behind it was evident that their respective deaths must have followed immediately, and that they were struck down in the places where they were found. Had there been any time afforded, it is certain that either the old man or the old woman would have tried to escape out of the front door or the front windows, or at least have hurried upstairs as fast as age would permit. The parties engaged in the dreadful act must have been aware of the habits of the family, and have known, too, that an attack at night would be far less likely to be successful than in the daytime.

Against the night ample provision for security would have been made. The doors were well provided with bolts and locks, the lower windows, both behind and before, were fitted with inside shutters, and against these at night bells were hung to sound an alarm should attempts be made to open them. In addition to all this, the old man had a brace of loaded pistols laid on the mantel-shelf of his bedroom within reach as he lay in bed, and there these weapons lay, innocuous enough, though loaded, at the very time the household were being slaughtered.

The plunderers also knew where to go for the money; not much search was to be made. The key of the drawers where the money was kept being found in the old man's pocket, they went direct to it, and, having secured it, went away. The upstairs room did not seem to have been entered at all, as there were no marks of footsteps either in them or on the stairs, and nothing in the bedroom had been disturbed.

And was such knowledge of the habits of the family, and of the situation of the premises, likely to be entertained by either of the persons then taken into custody? It was feared that it was, as both of the prisoners were stated to be persons of very engaging manners for their station in life. Of McCabe it was known that he was well liked throughout entire districts, where he had plied his trade as a hawker for years. He was always ready with his joke, and had a fund of good humour in store, out of which he seemed to draw at pleasure. For some two years he had lived at Castle Hill Side, in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, and his industry

here was so marked, and his manner so pleasing, that many of the inhabitants there could not believe it possible for him to have been concerned in the bloody tragedy, and one and all were ready to testify to his good conduct and genial disposition.

McCabe's amiability of manner in the pursuit of his avocation gained him more than ordinary access into the family of the Wraiths. The old man was, as most "cant old men" are, a little newsy and gossiping. To "learn the news" from the regular wanderers was with him as much a habit as with the antiquary and his contemporaries in the days of old Edie Ochiltree. The "bit and sup" was, therefore, oftentimes ready for McCabe when he called, and hours had been passed together by him and the family in imparting and receiving the gossipping news of the day. These opportunities would afford facility enough for "a man on the look out" to ascertain what he required for the ground-work of such a bloody and barbarous scheme as was evidently planned. It was said that Patrick Reid had had similar favours shown to him at the house.

McCabe was first arrested on the heinous charge, and he was in custody when the matter was being investigated by the coroner. Patrick Reid was apprehended a few days later. The place where the latter was arrested being a position where a person trying to escape from custody could soon baffle the officers of justice they therefore let day break before they attempted the capture.

As the prisoner resided with his father, who kept a lodging-house at Dawgreen, access to the premises was gained under the pretence of looking for two females, who were supposed to lodge in the house where Patrick Reid was found in bed with his wife—two men, supposed to be brothers, being in bed also in the same room. He was told that he was wanted on a charge of felony, when the only observation he made was a question, "had they taken any other person on a charge of felony?"

Before dealing straight away with such of the discoveries made and collected in anticipation of the trial of the accused men, it will be well to state how it came about that suspicion was first directed towards Michael McCabe, the man first apprehended.

After having visited the house of the Wraiths, and being concerned, it is supposed, with the dreadful deeds there committed, McCabe called with his pots at the King's Head Inn, and at one or two other places in the neighbourhood, receiving at one house a bundle of rags, which he had left in charge that same morning. With these rags he went to the house of Mr. Charles Flint, a pot dealer, at Robert Town. McCabe wished to borrow a small sum of money on the rags he had with him, for the purpose, as he said, "of purchasing some pints and glasses for the landlord of the 'Shoulder of Mutton' Inn, at Mirfield," but as Mr. Flint was not at home, Mrs. Flint refused to advance any, so he said he must wait until "Charley" came in, for, as he promised to carry the pints and glasses, he should like to keep his word.

Accordingly, he waited nearly an hour in Flint's house before that person returned, and during all that time he never breathed a word about what he had seen or heard at Mirfield. As soon as Mr. Flint returned, he uttered, immediately he stepped into the house:

"Good God! have you heard what there has been to do at Mirfield? Three persons murdered!" On which McCabe rose to his feet and made a statement to the effect that he had been there, and had "heard and seen" certain things, which induced suspicion in the mind of the landlord.

He had the presence of mind, however, to disguise his suspicions from McCabe, but let him have the sum of money he asked for. As soon as McCabe had started on his journey, Mr. Flint despatched a messenger off on horseback to the constable of Mirfield, to apprise him of the suspicions he entertained of McCabe, and the cause of them; and then the constable, acting on the information he had thus received, immediately set off in pursuit, and apprehended McCabe at the "Shoulder of Mutton" Inn, whither he had repaired with the pints and glasses. He then made a statement as to what he had seen and heard at the house of the Wraiths, which, briefly put, was to the following effect:—He admitted that he was at the house about one o'clock mid-day on the day of the murder, that he went to the back door and found it shut. He knocked, and waited a little while and listened at the door, and could hear the trampling of feet on the chamber floor. He knocked, he said, a second time, and then heard someone coming down stairs. He tapped at the door a third time, and then heard someone as if crossing the kitchen floor towards the fireplace. Then a man came to the door and unlocked and opened it. McCabe alleged that he asked, "Do you want anything?" to which "the man" replied, "No, we don't want anything."

McCabe had been at his home at Hightown in the interval between leaving Mr. Flint at Robert Town and being again at Mirfield. When he reached his house he had with him a quantity of flour, which he left, and, informing his wife of "the news" of the murder, he accompanied his information with the question, "What would you think if I had done it?"

It was conclusively ascertained that both McCabe and Reid were in the neighbourhood where the Wraiths lived about the time that the murders were committed, and they were seen approaching the dwelling within sight of each other. Indeed, they both admitted having been at the house—McCabe in the statement already given, and Reid in accounting for himself and his doings on that day.

Blood was oozing from below the door.

On the afternoon of the day on which the murders were committed, and before the horrifying news had reached so far, a woman found in a place of convenience situate in a small wood at Ravenswharf an old shirt all covered with blood. The breast of the shirt was much bespattered, and the sleeves were the same, while the wristbands were as though they had been steeped. The body of the shirt also bore marks as though bloody hands had been wiped on it. This garment the woman showed to her neighbours, and, unfortunately for the ends of justice, one of them, in ignorance of what had happened so near, and believing the marks to have been produced by a far different cause, burnt the garment, and thus rendered inquiry fruitless as to whether it could have belonged to either of the men charged or to any other person.

Ravenswharf is on the high-road from Mirfield to Dawgreen, where the prisoner Reid resided, and he was seen in the neighbourhood that same afternoon. The constables caused the water in the draw-well adjoining the dwelling of the murdered parties to be pumped out, and the well searched. In it was found the kitchen door-key, which had been missing, the miscreants, after enacting the bloody tragedy, having closed the house on their victims by pulling to the curtains and shutters, and bolting and locking the doors.

In this well was also found an instrument which it is more than likely had been used in the perpetration of the deed. It was a tool known to the trade of tinners and braziers by the name of a "copper bit," used in the soldering of tin and copper. It is a formidable weapon if used in beating in a skull, and it was more than probable from the

stains, as if of blood, on the instrument in question, it had been so used. It seemed better calculated to have produced the punctured wounds found on the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Wraith—which it was thought had been inflicted after death—than the poker left in the room in which the old gentleman was found dead. It was certain that the instrument could not have been in the well for any lengthened period, for the iron portion of it was not corroded.

The dwellings of the accused men were minutely searched. In that belonging to McCabe was found a trifling article, which turned out to be no trifle in the end. When the body of Caroline Ellis was being stripped prior to being laid out, it was observed that one of her garters was missing, and that she had but one remaining. In a box in McCabe's house was found a pair of stockings similar to those he wore when apprehended, and with these stockings was found a piece of garter similar to the one found on the leg of the unfortunate woman. Intense interest was exhibited by the public to obtain admittance into the Crown Court of the Yorkshire

Found an old shirt covered with blood.

Summer Assizes when Patrick Reid was brought to the bar charged with the crime, McCabe, although still in custody, was not joined with Reid in the indictment, but was retained as a witness.

Reid, who was stated in the calendar to be 20 years of age, assumed a bearing of great propriety and collectedness. He held in his hands all the time the trial proceeded materials for writing, and on the making of a "point" against him, he instantly set to work with the pen, writing with much firmness and readiness, and passed his notes over to his counsel and attorney.

The Crown evidently depended on Michael McCabe as a material witness, and it would seem that the fellow strained every nerve to give such colour to the incidents associated with the murder that his companion should not escape the gallows, whilst he himself would regain that liberty which he was not destined to enjoy. McCabe gave evidence at great length, but it will suit the purpose of this narrative if the story be taken up from that point already given when, upon his arrest, he made a certain statement as to his visit to the house of the Wraiths.

He swore that on that occasion, at the time the door was opened, he heard an exhausted sigh. He saw a man's face when the door was opened, and blood on the wall by the latch. The white wall, the face, and the blood made him look down, he said, and then he saw more blood on the floor, sprinkled about. When the man saw him, he looked down and saw the blood, and then put the door to. He retired a few yards, took up his basket, raised it on his head, and was near the corner of the house when he took notice that the shutters were put to on the window. He advanced forward between thirty and fifty yards, and he heard something like a sound, which he had thought since was the door pulled to. His basket was about a yard from the door, and he (McCabe) was on the other side of it. It was two or three minutes that he saw the man's face. The man was Patrick Reid! He had seen Reid at different times during seven or eight months—once a month or so. He knew him well "by the look of him," but not by name.

The man was severely cross-examined by counsel, but the accuser was not to be shaken from his perjured statement.

The hearing was a long and painstaking one, counsel for and against arguing their points with much zest and energy; but the judge in his charge to the jury betrayed in his opening sentences the difficulty of fastening the guilt on the right party.

That a grave crime had been committed, said his lordship, there could be no doubt, but the question for inquiry was whether or not the murder had been perpetrated by the man charged with the offence, and in considering this question they must not act merely on suspicion, but upon a satisfactory conclusion that the prisoner, either by himself or in conjunction with another party, had committed the deed. If the case depended upon the evidence of McCabe himself, as he had been charged with the commission of the offence, then they might well pause before they returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner Reid.

The jury ultimately, and after consultation with the judge upon a point which they were told it was no part of their business to consider, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty" on the ground of insufficient evidence.

The case was brought up again at the winter assizes, upon which occasion McCabe was formally arraigned with Patrick Reid on the capital charge, the indictment now being formulated on the basis of an accusation of the murder of the girl, Caroline Ellis.

The evidence, as already outlined, was repeated, and all the circumstances having been linked together in an able charge to the jury from the Bench, the prisoners were brought in "Guilty," and they were convicted and sentenced to death.

Subsequent representations having been sent to the Home Office with respect to McCabe resulted in the commutation of his sentence to transportation for life, but Reid expiated his crime on the gallows.

Immediately after the trial and after sentence a confession made by Patrick Reid was put in. He said that he had killed the old people and the girl single-handed, and that McCabe was correct in his statement that he had seen him at the door of the murdered family. Soon after the prisoners had entered the condemned cell McCabe addressed the convict Reid and entreated him to say whether he (McCabe) knew anything of the murder or not. Reid, in reply, said, "No, you did not; if I had thought you had known anything about it I should have murdered you, too."

Referring to a great storm of thunder which occurred at the time of the murder, Reid remarked, "I thought when I heard it that it was God Almighty speaking to me, and I never have had that impression out of my mind."

Reid was executed on January 8, without the precincts of York Castle. An extraordinary concourse of people attended from the surrounding districts, and it was computed that about 40,000 spectators encompassed the scaffold, a number said to have been unprecedented except at the execution of Eugene Aram. The young culprit maintained his firmness to the end. He was attended by a Roman Catholic priest, and they knelt and prayed on the platform. The convict bore all the appearances of a man resigned to his fate, and awaited the issue with the same fortitude that he had exhibited throughout the weary and protracted proceedings.

He had been visited by some friends, including his aged father, and the scene was said to be a deeply-affecting one. He did not attempt to address the vast multitude facing him, but he said to the officers around him, "Well, gentlemen, I wish to say that I alone am the guilty person, that McCabe is entirely innocent, that no human being in the world had anything to do with it but myself."

A few moments later and Patrick Reid was dead.

The Murder of Mr. Charles Boyd.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AGRARIAN OUTRAGE IN IRELAND, WITH A CURIOUS ENDING.

"Back! back!
There's death in the track!
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back."
—SCOTT.

NEW ROSS, in County Wexford, Ireland, is situated on a noble river, formed by the junction of the Nore and Barrow, which unite about a mile above it. The stream at New Ross is about twice as wide as the Thames at Westminster Bridge, and the whole of the town, except the Quays, is built on a very steep hill. It is 28 miles by rail from Wexford, and 13 from Waterford, and is connected on the County Wexford side with a suburb called Rostercon, on the Kilkenny side by a splendid bridge.

Colonel Tottenham is practically the owner of New Ross, and he is also the possessor of extensive property in the county of Wexford. His land agent in the year 1880 was a Mr. Thomas Boyd, whose family have been residents of the county Wexford for very many years. Mr. Boyd was also the Sessional Crown Solicitor. He resided at a place called Chilcomb, which is situated about half a mile from New Ross, and in the county of Kilkenny; he had an office in the town. He purchased a property about a mile and a-half from Chilcomb a few years before the events I am now about to relate occurred, and was in the habit of driving out on Sunday evenings to visit this property and to interview his tenants respecting improvements or alterations on their farms.

Mr. Boyd had two sons, Evans, who was at this time a helpless invalid, said to be suffering from disease of the spine, and who was usually wheeled about in a bath-chair, and Charles, a fine specimen of athletic manhood, and who was studying for the profession of a barrister-at-law.

On Sunday evening, August 8, 1880, Mr. Boyd, his son Charles, and a nephew, Mr. Gladwell Boyd, drove into New Ross, for the purpose of taking Mr. Evans Boyd with them on their usual excursion. The last-named was staying with some relations in the town of New Ross, and when the side-car arrived at the house he was lifted gently on to the left-hand side, with his brother Charles, whilst his father and cousin occupied the right-hand seat.

They proceeded over the bridge already referred to and along the Waterford Road towards Mr. Boyd's property. This road is one of exceptionally great beauty, especially near the scene of the tragedy. It is extensively wooded on one side, and the various tints of the copper beech and other trees added to the beauty of the spot on that still summer's evening. On the other side the beautiful grounds of Castle Annas could be seen, with an occasional glimpse of the Castle itself. A pretty cottage stands by the roadside, and at the time of which I write it was occupied by a police pensioner, his daughter, and her husband, the last-named being an acting-sergeant of constabulary.

As the car containing the Boyds passed this spot, about four o'clock in the afternoon, two men, wearing sacks over their coats and masks made out of a piece of sacking, jumped over the fence which divided the road from the fields, and commenced dancing about, apparently from excitement. They had rifles with bayonets fixed to them in their hands, and when the car arrived within six or seven yards of them they presented their rifles at the party in the car. Evans Boyd uttered a warning cry, and his father, who was driving, immediately urged the horse into a gallop. The assailants, however, after taking careful and deliberate aim, fired, and both shots took effect. One bullet tore away part of the sleeve of the elder Mr. Boyd's coat and grazed his arm, whilst another entered the back of Mr. Charles Boyd, and he fell back, with the blood pouring from the gaping wound.

And here a most strange incident occurred. Mr. Evans Boyd, who, as I have before mentioned, suffered from a spinal disease, and who was a helpless invalid, totally unable to use his limbs, on seeing his brother fall, and believing him to be dead, and that his father was at least wounded, was so struck with combined horror and fear that, forgetting his helpless condition, he, with a sudden effort, sprang up, stared wildly about him, and then jumped off the car and ran quickly towards the assailants, shouting all the way. He continued running until he arrived at New Ross. He was met by several persons on the road, and he seemed so excited as not to be capable of explaining what had occurred. He continued shouting "Murder! Murder!" till he met a policeman on the bridge, to whom he at last told his story.

Mr. Boyd, senior, drove rapidly to the nearest house, and obtained ready assistance in removing his wounded son from the car and placing him in bed. The poor fellow was sinking fast, though he never lost consciousness, and told his father that he had not long to live. Mr. Boyd quite forgot that he was himself wounded in his sorrow and anxiety for his son.

A number of police-officers, under the charge of the head-constable, arrived at the scene soon afterwards, accompanied by Dr. Boyd, an uncle of the wounded young man. He at once saw that the case was a grave one, and, although he entertained no hopes of being able to save the patient's life, he despatched a messenger to Bannow, county Wexford, for his brother, another medical practitioner.

The efforts of both doctors were, however, of no avail, and the poor young fellow died a few hours after the outrage. A post-mortem examination was made, when it was found that the bullet had entered the back, penetrated the liver, and had had its course arrested by the ribs.

When Evans Boyd informed the police of the outrage, he asserted that the men who fired the shots were two brothers named Whelan. These men held a farm from his father, on the property mentioned as having been purchased by that gentleman, and young Boyd distinctly and emphatically asserted that, notwithstanding the masks worn by the assailants, he had no difficulty in recognising in them the two brothers Whelan; he also added that, as he approached them, after the shooting, he called to them by their names. If this were the fact, it seems somewhat strange that they made no attempt to injure him, as they had plenty of spare cartridges with them. Instead of attacking him, they jumped over a low fence which skirted the road, and ran in the direction of a graveyard near by.

It was very evident that they entertained no malice against either Mr. Evans or Mr. Charles Boyd, and that their object was to murder the elder Mr. Boyd only. I have referred to a cottage which stood close to the scene of the murder, and which was occupied by a police pensioner, his daughter, and her husband. The last-named was reposing on a couch in the little parlour of the cottage when the firing took place, and at his side sat his wife, reading a novel, no doubt with the wifely intention of lulling him to sleep. The rifle shots, however, disturbed them, and they immediately rushed outside. They saw the car proceeding in one direction, and Evans Boyd running in the opposite one, whilst the assassins were making for the graveyard. This police officer subsequently stated that he endeavoured to break away from his wife in pursuit, but that she threw her arms round him and prevented him from doing so. An excellent opportunity was thus lost of arresting, or, at any rate, of identifying the murderers, for, had the officer done his duty and followed the men, they could scarcely have escaped detection. For this dereliction of duty he was tried by a special court, but, I believe, acquitted.

Meanwhile, the police were employed, some in searching the immediate neighbourhood of the murder, and others in visiting the house of the Whelans. There was no necessity to demand admission on their arrival there, as the front door stood open, and they found the brothers Whelan, with a few neighbours, engaged in a peaceable game of cards in the kitchen. The two brothers were arrested and charged with the crime, and in reply they said that they had been

engaged playing cards since dinner-time. The police noticed that they were somewhat excited, and that their clothes were stained with mud. The house was thoroughly searched, but nothing was discovered which could connect them with the murder, except some sacking cloth, from which pieces appeared to have been recently cut.

Close to the spot where the murderers stood when they fired the fatal shots, a quart bottle was found, which contained a small quantity of whiskey, and which bore a label with the name of a publican at Rostercon. In the graveyard to which the two men fled were found the rifles, some spare cartridges, the masks, and the sacks which they wore as disguises. The rifles were of the Snider-Enfield pattern, and bore the Tower marks, and they were subsequently identified as some of a quantity which had been stolen from the military barracks at Dunmore, County Galway, some two years before. This fact somewhat puzzled the police, Dunmore being about two hundred miles distant from New Ross, and they were forced to the conclusion that the object of the Dunmore robbery was to supply arms for the commission of outrages in Ireland.

PRESENTED THEIR RIFLES AT THE PARTY IN THE CAR.

An inquest was held on the body of the deceased gentleman, and a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned. There was great secrecy observed respecting the preliminary examination of the prisoners, which took place at Rostercon Petty Sessions on Friday, August 13. Several other arrests were made, and on the above day six prisoners appeared in the dock, namely, John and Michael Whelan, Thomas Murphy, James Holden, Patrick Thompson, and Thomas Power. They were charged before Mr. Andrew Hamilton, J.P., and the hearing of the case was strictly private, none being present but the magistrate, prisoners, police, and Mr. George Bolton, Crown Solicitor for the County Tipperary, who appeared for the prosecution. On the application of Mr. Bolton, Thomas Power and Patrick Thompson, who were arrested at New Ross Workhouse, were discharged.

After several remands, the two prisoners, John and Thomas Whelan, were committed for trial at the Kilkenny Winter Assizes, to be held in December of that year. So great, however, was the feeling in favour of the prisoners, and so extreme the desire of the police to secure a conviction, that the Crown applied for the case to be put off till the Spring Assizes, and the application was granted. Before, however, the Assizes opened, an application was made for a change of venue to the City of Dublin, the prosecution alleging that a fair and impartial jury could not be obtained, in consequence of the feeling of prejudice against Mr. Boyd, senior, who was very unpopular in that particular part of the country.

In the interval between the time of the arrests and the trials, there were great manifestations of sympathy for the prisoners, and several people, witnesses who were called by the prosecution at the preliminary examinations of the prisoners, were the recipients of threatening letters. There were meetings of sympathy with the prisoners and of condolence with their families.

Whilst the accused were being conveyed from the prison to the Court House at Rostercorn, and back, before they were committed for trial, crowds of people gathered at various points on the road and cheered them as they were driven past in the police van. So hostile an aspect did these manifestations assume, that it was deemed advisable to have an escort of Dragoons when conveying the prisoners backward and forward from gaol to Court House.

The Whelans were committed for trial on the 4th of September, 1880, and ten days afterwards, on the 14th, the police found an extraordinary placard affixed to the gate of the police barracks, at the back of Mr. Boyd's office, in South Street, New Ross. It read as follows:

"Death to the Boyds and all Landlords.
"Rory of the Hills."
"Tom Boyd and Evans Boyd, your day of doom is near. I am watching you, and Leigh, of Rosegarland."

The police from their investigations into the matter were convinced that there must have been three men concerned in the attack on Mr. Boyd, and that this belief was justified was proved by the finding near the scene of the outrage a third suit of disguise, fashioned, like the other two, out of pieces of sacking. Several arrests were made in a village called Shanborgh, in consequence of the finding of this mask and dress, but in every case the prisoner was at once released.

There were several men arrested for intimidating witnesses; others for using threatening language to the Boyd family; and others again for affixing placards of a threatening nature, like the one already referred to, on the doors of the houses of the Boyds, and of the witnesses for the Crown who had given evidence against the Whelans at the Rostercon Petty Sessions. There were no convictions, but the fact of so many arrests having been made proves what feeling there was in the vicinity, and what a disturbance throughout the counties of Wexford and Kilkenny the murder and arrests had caused.

There were rumours of organised plans of rescue of the prisoners whilst being taken to the Assizes for trial; it was said that an attack would be made on the gaol in which they were confined; in fact, all sorts of rumours were prevalent, and the authorities, fearing that an outbreak ot some kind was imminent, drafted several bodies of soldiers into the various towns and villages which seemed most inclined to interfere with the machinery of the law. Perhaps the presence of the military acted as a deterrent, because there was no attempt at rescue, nor was there any outbreak of any kind, the people contenting themselves with cheering the prisoners as they passed through the villages, or hooting the police and the military who accompanied and escorted them.

The Whelans were tried by Special Commission in the Court of Queen's Bench, Division No. 2, at Dublin, on Monday, June 27th, 1881, before the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Mr. James Murphy, Q.C., Mr. William Ryan, Q.C., and Mr. John Naish, Q.C., with Law Advisers Stephen, P. Curtis, and William Anderson (instructed by Mr. William Lane Joynt) appeared for the prosecution, the prisoners being defended by Mr. Hemphill Q.C., Mr. Peter O'Brien, Q.C., and Mr. David Lynch (instructed by Mr. J. R. Collins).

The names of two hundred jurymen were called over, to which one hundred and sixteen answered. It took two hours to obtain a jury satisfactory to both sides.

The prisoners pleaded "Not guilty." The case for the Crown relied chiefly on the evidence of Mr. Evans Boyd, who swore that when he jumped off the car he ran towards the assailants, and recognised in them the two brothers Whelan, who then stood in the dock. He could swear that he was able to clearly recognise them by their features, height, and clothes, and in spite of the masks and disguises which they wore. He declared that he called them by their names as he approached them, and accused them as murderers.

Mr. Evans Boyd was severely cross-examined by the counsel for the defence. He stated that he was not excited when he approached the Whelans, and that his recognition of them was not in any way assisted or affected by the knowledge of any disagreements between them and his father.

The evidence of the police proved the discovery of the arms, disguises, and masks, and that the pieces of material of which the masks were made corresponded with the holes in the sacking found in the Whelans' houses.

The motive for the murder alleged by the prosecution was malice on the Whelans' part against the elder Mr. Boyd for refusing to supply them with lime from his kiln for their land. It appeared from the evidence that Mr. Boyd was in the habit of burning lime for the use of his tenants, and that he stopped the supply to the Whelans on account of some disagreeableness on their part towards him.

A large number of witnesses were called for the defence, their evidence proving an alibi. The publican of Rostercon whose name was on the label on the bottle containing whiskey, which was found by the police near the spot where the outrage was committed, could not say who purchased that particular bottle of whiskey. All his bottles of whiskey of the capacity of the one found were exactly alike in size, shape, and labelling, and he had sold so many during the last six months that it was absolutely impossible for him to remember who had purchased that particular bottle of whiskey.

The persons who met Evans Boyd on the road to New Ross, soon after the shooting, swore that he was violently excited; so much so, in fact, that they thought he was bereft of his senses. This evidence seemed to throw doubts on his evidence in the minds of the jury, and, after a trial of four days, the prisoners were found "Not guilty," and acquitted.

The Whelans at once left Dublin for their home, and as the train which contained them approached Ballywilliam, near New Ross, one of them opened the door of the carriage in which they were riding and jumped out. Whether this was done in an excess of joy at his escape from conviction, or from

Endeavoured to break away.

some other cause, cannot be said. He was injured by his fall, and was found in a field close to the spot where he jumped from the carriage. He was taken home and medically examined, when it was found that he was hopelessly insane, and he was thereupon committed to an asylum.

Mr. Evans Boyd seems to have enjoyed good health from the day of the murder to the time of his death, about twelve months ago. He was completely cured of his disease, and subsequently practised as a solicitor in New Ross, gaining the good-will and respect of all classes of persons by his straightforward conduct and genial disposition, and his death was deeply regretted.

I need not say that the murderers were never discovered, and the death of Mr. Boyd was added to the list of unavenged murders which are the exceptions that prove the rule and truth of the old saying that "Murder will out."

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Criminal Problems

HOW TO PREVENT CRIME—HOW SHOULD WE TREAT MURDERERS?

ITH advancing civilisation comes the modification of the penal code. It has been said, and with truth, that the measure of the progress of a country may be taken to be the number of indictable offences, for as civilisation advances new crimes are invented, and though certain old forms become obsolete, the increase is far greater than the loss.

When the world was young the punishment most generally recognised was that of death, and only to very minor offences was meted out any other penalty. The code of Draco made the highest and lowest crime equal in the eyes of the law, for the law-giver argued that if death rewards the smallest offence there is no need to increase the punishment for misdeeds of greater magnitude. From the time of Draco, however, there has been a steady decrease in the number of crimes punishable with death, and the time has now come when we have to consider whether it is advisable, in the interests of the State, that we should follow the lead of several other countries and desist from demanding a life for a life.

That the State has a perfect right to slay persons who have become a danger to the community is now generally recognised by all who have really made any study of philosophy, and no useful purpose would be served by entering here into the arguments which go to prove this; suffice it to say that the case becomes similar to that of a man who, finding that he has a malignant growth on one of his fingers which threatens his life, determines to have the offending member amputated for the benefit of the whole body. In the same way, the State, or body corporate, has a like jurisdiction over its members as the individual has over his, and, when it is for the good of the whole, may remove any unit which is a danger, or is liable to spread moral disease throughout the land.

But in the above statement there are a few words which must never be overlooked; these are, "when it is for the good of the whole," and it is this which presents to us the subject for our problem. Is our present mode of dealing with murderers the best for the nation?

The idea of the shadow of the gallows being deterrent hardly merits more than a passing word, for the murderer is of a different type to other criminals, and when he has made up his mind to kill his enemy he never gives a thought to the scaffold; when he has accomplished his purpose, when his blood-lust is satisfied, he may do so, and he may seek to escape, but it is hardly too much to say that the consequences of committing murder hardly enter into the calculations of nine out of ten of those who have to pay the last penalty of the law, prior to the commission of the act.

The question, then, resolves itself into this: "Does the proverb, 'Better a live dog than a dead lion,' apply in this instance?" And as there is much to be said on either side we will briefly lay the main arguments before our readers, and leave them to decide for themselves.

If we solemnly slay an offending citizen we deprive the State of the working services of one man. His labour may or may not be profitable to the country. The principle of punishment being, not vengeance, but reformation, we at once violate our own code by rendering reformation out of the question. Again, we are inflicting an irrevocable punishment, and sentimentalists point to a sad list of those who have been sent innocent to the scaffold. If the old idea of "example" enter our minds it is as well to remember that with private executions there is no "example" to put before the populace, whereas the sight of living convicts toiling laboriously for the rest of their lives is an objective specimen of the wages of murder, though this can scarcely be considered as even a factor in the case before us.

On the other hand, if we exact from the condemned man remunerative labour for the term of his days, and abolish the gallows, we shall be forced to strengthen our prison staffs and to considerably remodel the grades of convicts, so as to make a broad distinction between the homicide and the burglar and forger. Again, the fact must not be lost sight of that the State would be called upon to support, in their old age, a gang of men who are incapable of earning even sufficient to pay for the cost of their sustenance. This difficulty, however, could be met by compelling the life convict to earn, while in health, first a sufficient sum to pay for his daily keep, secondly to contribute his share towards the maintenance of the prisons, and thirdly a surplus enough to prevent him being a burden on the taxpayers when his days of labour are over.

There has been much outcry from time to time against profitable prison manufactures, but the cavillers forget that if our gaols were not made to pay they would have to be kept up at an enormous expense to the nation, which, after all, means that the individual would have to pay his share out of his pocket through the medium of increased taxation. True, competition with prisons presses very hard on the poorer artisans in certain trades, inasmuch as prison-made articles can be sold at a cheaper rate than those produced by voluntary workers, and the honest complain against having their profits cut down by the forced productions of the dishonest.

To sum up, then, we have to choose between an irrevocable punishment, hallowed by tradition, entailing no expense to the nation, but bringing in no profit, admitting of no chance of reformation, savouring rather of vengeance, and possessing no distinct advantage as a deterrent, and a system which, at the first, might entail a certain outlay, but which in the end would be remunerative—a system which has been tried by civilised Powers and which has been proved to be quite as effective in practice as the older mode of punishing murderers, and which gives every opportunity for transforming the homicide into a working unit, and leaves room for rectifying any miscarriage of justice which may occur from time to time. We will leave our readers to make their own choice.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

What Causes Suicide.

IN almost every paper which one may care to pick up one will find accounts of persons who have taken their own lives, and how rarely do persons consider what is the cause of this waste of life. From a careful study of the chief causes of suicide it has been determined that dread of disgrace stands first in the list of suicidal agents, followed closely by business troubles. Some distance behind these comes unrequited love, and fourth on the list is jealousy. A large interval separates the fourth from the fifth factor in the total of self-destructions, namely, poverty, while last on the grim record stands incurable disease. Cases where imaginary persecution is given as the motive for suicide can generally be referred to some one of the preceding causes which has set up the morbid state of mind necessary for the commission of the act.

The Price of Blood.

BEFORE the days when the police became an efficient body it was customary to pay sums varying from one to forty pounds for the apprehension of offenders. This led the thief-takers to watch a promising young criminal and let him work his wicked way till he became emboldened and committed a crime the reward for the capture of the perpetrator of which was a substantial sum. In Waterloo year alone the vast sum of £80,000 was paid away as blood-money, a sum sufficient to build a couple of respectable churches.

Where Crime Comes From.

THE nationality of the criminals in 1887 was as follows: English, 135,770—83.1; Welsh, 5,193—3.2; Scotch, 3,103—1.9; Irish, 15,928—9.7; foreign, 3,365—2.1. Total, 163,359—100 per cent.

The Judge's Chains.

THE gold chain worn round the necks of judges is a very ancient ornament. It was worn by the judges in Egypt many years before Christ, probably to remind criminals of their danger.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

I. Y.—Soldiers on active service can make a verbal will.

ANTIQUE.—The law abolishing Sunday trading was passed in the reign of Charles II.

ENQUIRER.—It was a hat, left in a train, that ultimately led to the arrest and conviction of Franz Müller.

L. M. R.—The ropes used for executions are supplied by the Home Office and remain the property of the State.

FLEECED.—In theory barristers do not accept fees. In practice, as you have discovered, they do. They cannot, however, sue for their fees.

I. M. C.—The action you refer to was tried in 1682, when the then Duke of York obtained £100,000 damages against Mr. Pilkington for slander.

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Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

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